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BARON GRIMBOSH.

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BARON GRIMBOSH

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

AND

SOMETIME GOVERNOR OF BARATARIA.

98142

A Record of his Experience,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF IN EXILE, AND PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.

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N'en déplaise à ces foux nommés sages de Grèce,
En ce monde il n'est point de parfaite sagesse. BOILEAU.

Great wit is sure to madness near allied,
As thin partitions do their bounds divide. DRYDEN.

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1872.
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TO

NAPOLEON THE THIRD,

WHO LOST A THRONE

BY BEING WISER THAN HIS PEOPLE,

I,

IERMAN GRIMBOSH, DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY,

WHO LOST MINE

BY BELIEVING THAT I COULD REFORM A NATION

THAT WOULD NOT REFORM ITSELF,

Dedicate these Pages,

FROM MY CABBAGE-GARDEN AND MY LIBRARY,

WITH THE SINCERE HOPE

THAT HE TAKES *HIS* FALL AS EASILY AS I TAKE *MINE*.

BARON GRIMBOSH,

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

CHAPTER I.

I AM APPOINTED TO THE GOVERNMENT OF BARATARIA.

As nothing happens that is not fore-ordained, a truly wise man ought never to be surprised at anything. Whether I am wise or not, I can conscientiously say that I was not surprised when, on the nomination of my illustrious master and sovereign, the Grand Llama of Pumpernickel, and the confirmation of the people most interested, I, Herman Grimbosh, Doctor of Philosophy, was appointed to the government of the great and populous island of Barataria. I was not exalted in my own estimation, neither was I cast down. I had not passed through life unobservantly, and I fancied that I knew a thing or two, and had

learned to know them by hard knocks and buffets, and the pricks and goads of a thorny experience. I was strong in body, clear in mind—at least, I thought so—and had arrived at, or near about, the midway station between the cradle and the grave. God helping me, I resolved to do my duty in my new position, to be just and to fear not, and to avoid if I could the more notorious errors committed by the previous Governors of Barataria, and by the kings and emperors of whom I had read in ancient and modern history. Errors of the head I might be guilty of, but not errors of the heart. I would not oppress my people. I would govern them for their own good, with their consent if possible, but without their consent should their ignorance or their prejudice thwart my philanthropic intentions, just as I governed my little Grimboshes—I had seven of them—the children of my home and my heart. I knew then, as I know now, that I should have many difficulties to contend with; life is nothing but a continuous fight against difficulties, in which you no sooner slay one pestiferous giant that strives to block your path than another springs out of the ground, to be discomfited in his turn. But I

was not afraid, and was above all things a lover of justice, of peace, and of my fellow-creatures. I thought, with the ancient sovereign of a neighbouring kingdom, that every peasant ought to have *la poule au pot* every day of his life, if he preferred poultry to mutton. I did not believe that the lion would lie down with the lamb in my time; but I did believe that swords might be turned into ploughshares, and that men — more especially Baratarians — might be taught to love peace and avoid war, and grow rich and happy by attending to their own business, and leaving that of other nations alone. War, in my opinion, always produced more scoundrels than it killed. 'Herman, dear Herman,' I said to myself, 'be true to thine own soul. Fortune comes to every man's door once in his lifetime; and the jade has knocked at thine. Bid her come in, and be civil to her. Be wary with her, and make the most of her. Above all things, Herman my friend, be a just ruler. Eradicate vice, poverty, and misery from the realm of Barataria. Show the other benighted nations of the earth what a paradise the whole world might be if the great principles of Plato, Sir Thomas More, Saint-Simon, Robert

Owen, Prud'homme, and other statesmen and philosophers, were universally adopted; above all, if Christianity were practised as well as preached. No more wars; no more robbery; no more murder (unless for love or rage, which thou, O Herman Grimbosh, art too wise and too powerless to abolish out of the world, even if thou hadst the intention, which thou hast not—for love and rage are good things, the first especially and universally, the latter on proper occasions); no more oppression of the weak by the strong; no more cheating and swindling; no more besotted ignorance; no more superstition; nothing but love, light, purity, peace, and the greatest happiness of everybody.'

My wife, the Lady Juanita (she was of Spanish lineage. I married her for pure love and affection, for she had not a penny in the world, nor the prospect of getting one unless by honest labour—or marriage), is not, I am happy to say, a woman who pretends to be eminently intellectual or strong-minded. But she is something better than clever. She is good; she is beautiful: all good people are; has a strong fund of common sense, on which, as on a bank

that cannot break, she can draw for unlimited amounts of practical and serviceable wisdom. She can sew on buttons; make and mend her own clothes—and mine too, including my nether garments; understands children's ailments, and can manage them without help from the doctor; can cook *comme un ange*, as the French would say; make an irreproachable curry as well as an unsurpassable *omelette soufflée* or *aux fines herbes;* can boil an egg or a potato to perfection, which not one cook in a dozen can do; can make a little meat, or a little money, go a great way; can talk naturally on almost all occasions; never nags or delivers curtain lectures; is a nurse in sickness whose care and attention are worth the skill of a score of doctors; and can sing a tender or a humorous song with a sweet voice, without making any fuss about it. She is a friend in counsel, who never advises wrongly; and who thinks, moreover, as all true women should do, that love is not worth much, or destined to last very long, if there be not true friendship and esteem at the bottom of it. When I told her of my appointment to the governorship, she sighed, 'All's well that ends well;' and her face assumed an expression of sadness.

'What! art thou sorry, lass?' said I. She was always a lass to me, and a dear one, as when I first courted her, when she was milking the cows in her father's farmyard.

'Yes,' she said, 'I am sorry. And the truth is, Herman, I don't think that you are fit to be a Governor. You are too hopeful of human nature; and you never make allowance for the obstinacy of good people and the folly and madness of the bad.'

'Bah!' said I. 'The people are bad, because they have been governed by bad laws.'

'You may cry bah!' replied she, 'as often as you like. But I would ask you, Are all our children equally good? Is not our eldest boy a little devil in his temper sometimes? And does not Pedronilla tell fibs, or, rather, I should say lies, without necessity? And does not Hans break his brother's playthings without provocation, and rob him of his apples and his gingerbread?'

I was rather taken aback by what my wife said; for there is such a thing as an innate tendency to evil. But men were not children, I thought; and even with children the innate evil

might be subdued, if grappled with in time, and if justice—which they see and know to be justice—is done, either for or against them. I myself always find justice to be a better ruler than unjust and unthinking love, and equally unjust and unthinking severity.

Juanita went to bed that night with her own opinion, and I went to bed with mine.

I knew something about Barataria before I went there, and determined to know more about it before I had sat for a month in its gubernatorial chair. I knew the Baratarians to be a very self-sufficient and troublesome sort of people; very sturdy in their prejudices, very independent in their opinions, very proud of Barataria, very fond of rank and money—especially of money—and very cantankerous in their political and religious faith. I knew also that it had been happily said of them that they had fifty religions among them, and only one sauce, and that they were very much addicted to the vice of sham philanthropy; a philanthropy that was not universal, or based upon broad and sound principles, but confined to wash-hand basins when it should have been as wide as the ocean. I knew them to be a brave people,

but crotchety, and very tender in the pocket. I knew also that if there were a great deal of wealth in Barataria, there was an unconscionable deal of pauperism and misery; and that if there were much real religion, there was more of hypocrisy; and that although they never blazoned their vices, or even talked about them, they were guilty of a very great deal of vice and immorality on the sly, and, like the Spartans of old, thought it much more heinous to be discovered in a peccadillo than to commit it. Still they were a highly civilised, intelligent, brave, industrious, good-hearted people; and only wanted an enlightened, firm, paternal, philosophical government, such as it should be my business, my duty, my pleasure, and my reward to give them, to inaugurate for themselves and for all humanity a new and brighter era of human happiness than had ever yet dawned upon the world.

I had happy dreams that night, though troubled by fits of restlessness and waking. But though thus interrupted, I always fell asleep again speedily, and resumed my dreams at the point at which they had been interrupted; a thing that has often occurred to me, and for

which I am wholly unable to account. I dreamt that I had been dead five hundred years, and that I was reading (whether in heaven, or some other place, I neither knew nor inquired, everything seemed so natural, and as it ought to be) the history of my own life, in the pages of an historian whose book had just been published. He recounted pretty fairly, with blunders that *will* occur in all histories, and with misconceptions that appear to be inevitable whenever one man talks of the acts and the motives of others, the events of my governorship. He spoke of me as one of the greatest reformers who had ever lived, who had for the first time introduced true, just, benevolent, and universal principles into the art of government, as one who had abolished poverty and war, and who was called not only by posterity, but by his contemporaries, 'HERMAN THE GOOD.' He stated that I had refused the imperial crown offered to me by my grateful Baratarians; that embassies of peace and goodwill visited my dominions from the remotest ends of the earth; and that statues were erected in my honour in every city, and stood on every highway of the realm. These statues were put up

not so much to glorify me, as to excite the emulation of living men to imitate my great example. I did not seem to know, when reading this just estimate of my character and summary of my achievements, that I myself was the Herman so celebrated, neither did I know that I was anybody else; but I thought I was dreaming, without knowing who the 'I' was that enjoyed the privilege of being thus spoken of.

I was thoroughly convinced, however, that the historian was a very sensible man, and that Tacitus and Livy were not to be compared to him for eloquence, sound judgment, and essential truth. In the morning I was somewhat ashamed of my dream, and did not care to inform Juanita about it, lest, with her usual love of cooling my enthusiasm, and pulling down my pride a peg or two, as she was in the habit of saying, she should have remarked, that dreams were only the reflex of people's waking thoughts, and that I was very easily satisfied with praise of myself, even if mine own self were the praiser. So as the old saws have it, I resolved to let well alone, to arouse no sleeping lion, and to save my ears by holding my tongue. Nevertheless I did not despise my

dream, but looked upon it as of good omen, an augury for the future ; and resolved, Heaven helping me, to act up to it, as far as my strength and opportunities allowed, with a firm confidence that a good intention is as good as a cordial to the conscience; and that a man with good intentions can never do any mischief. I was a fool at the time for holding such a belief, but I did not know it. But who is not a fool sometimes? Happy is he, and much to be commended, who is not a fool always.

CHAPTER II.

I PREPARE TO TAKE POSSESSION, AND CONFER A DIGNITY.

My opinion is, and always was, that nations are made to be governed; and that they cannot govern themselves without such an amount of squabbling, fighting, cracking of skulls, confiscation of property, imprisonment, decapitation, and all sorts of unpleasantnesses, as make of civilised, as well as uncivilised, countries a very hell upon earth. 'Order is heaven's first law,' as a great Baratarian poet has sung; and I resolved that Barataria should possess order, and good order; and as much liberty as would strengthen order, and confirm it, but no more. Some people like liberty for themselves to do as they please, but do not like liberty for their neighbours. Out of such liberty comes civil war;' and I resolved that there should be none of it in the realm which his Sublime Highness the Grand Llama of Pumpernickel had intrusted to my direction.

These thoughts passed through my mind on shipboard, as I was borne, as fast as steam and wind could carry me, to the shores of Barataria, and its capital city; which, as all the world knows, is called Muddletown; a populous place, of which I shall have more to say hereafter.

Barataria is a country in which, as I have already remarked, rank and money are held in very great esteem. In some countries money is the only object of real veneration; but the Baratarians, though they love money very much, love rank almost as well, and thus yield a divided allegiance. If a man possess rank and no money, he is not very highly thought of; but if he possess both rank and money, he is a sort of demi-god in the people's estimation; and may be as wicked as he likes, provided he keep within the bounds of decency and privacy, without forfeiting much, if any, of the popular regard. Rank, I should have—my official rank, if no other; and as for money, the Baratarians had provided for me liberally enough; and I resolved before going among them that I would avoid debt, and live within the circle of my salary—a good way within it—and save what I could for that possibly rainy day when, if the

Baratarians were either unwise or ungrateful, they might wish to get rid of me. As for rank and title, my official rank as Governor was, as I have said, enough for me; and as I could make dukes, marquises, earls, baronets, knights, &c. by a scratch of my pen, I would not scratch myself into any dignity of the kind; inasmuch as I always considered the maker greater than the thing made. But what I would not do for myself, I determined to do for my beloved Juanita, the partner of my life, the faithful confidant of my hopes and fears. I had objections to hereditary peerages. I did not believe in transmitted wisdom, or the policy of allowing a man to be a lawgiver merely because his father was a lawgiver before him; but I had no objection to an aristocracy of rank, without legal privilege attached to it, and merely personal to the wearer. In fact, I knew that there must be an aristocracy of some kind or other in every country; for, if there were no other, there would certainly arise an aristocracy of mere dollars and ducats, in which the wealthy cheesemonger, usurer, or tailor would be more honoured and considered than the poor statesman, or poorer poet, or the paragon of eru-

dition, who could only afford to live in a cottage or a garret. I was curious to know what my dear Juanita would say when I announced to her, as we sat together quietly by ourselves on the deck of the steamer, that it was my intention to make her a duchess. I anticipated a little, if only a very little, coy reluctance, if not that peculiar form of the word 'no,' which every one, not a born fool, understands to mean 'yes,' when spoken by a woman. But she made no objection; *tout au contraire.*

'Well, Herman,' she said gravely, 'as I am to be the first lady in the land, I think it quite right that I should have as grand a title as any of them. You cannot make a royal highness of me, you know, so I shall content myself if you make me a duchess and with being called "your grace." I intend, in fact, to be gracious in all my dealings and intercourse with everybody. So "your grace" let me be, if you *will* have it so.'

Nobody was looking. Neither captain, mate, nor sailor was in sight, and the man at the wheel was too busy with his work to have eyes or ears for us; so (I do not mind recording the fact) I

gave Juanita a good honest hearty kiss; and she evidently liked it.

The first point being settled, the next was the choice of title. This I had carefully considered and turned over in my mind. There was already a Duchess of Barataria, so *that* would not do, or I should certainly have selected this title as the most appropriate for my dear wife. She, good soul, had never thought of the matter and had no suggestion to make. I thought that in the course of her reading—she is very fond of poetry—she might have seen some high-sounding, romantic, mellifluous title that would suit her fine ear and cultivated taste. But she remembered nothing of the sort, and could suggest nothing. 'You must,' I said, 'choose some name that will fill the mouth well, that will come out *ore rotundo*, as we used to say in the Latin class; and that will impose on the vulgar by its magnificence of sound. The Baratarians I know to be easily flattered, deluded, and taken in with sound. Did not one old lady of that country declare that Mesopotamia was a blessed and a heavenly word, merely for the sound thereof?' Thus I put the case to Juanita.

'Don't let it be a difficult word to pronounce,' said she.

'No word is difficult when you are used to it,' replied I.

'But why should not our name and title be identical? Your name, which I bear, is quite good enough for anybody.'

Was there ever such a treasure of a wife as this? Had the captain not happened to pass along, I should have kissed her again; I am sure I should.

'I understand,' I said in a whisper; 'you would be the Duchess de Grimbosh?'

When a man has a sensible woman for his wife, he ought to be grateful to Heaven for the possession of so rare a blessing; but when the woman is lovely as well as sensible, he ought to consider himself the happiest man in the world—if, in addition to such a treasure, he possesses health and strength and a moderate income. All these gifts were mine; and the minor gifts of health, strength, and fortune were all enhanced and sublimated, as it were, by the greater. I pressed Juanita's hand. 'You shall be the Duchess de Grimbosh; and if the title graces you, I am sure you will grace the title.'

'Her Grace' retired shortly afterwards to the cabin, drawn thither by some sharp and sudden cries and squalls proceeding from the throats of the young lords and ladies—our children. As soon as she left me, I fell to musing on the subject of titles in general, and their utility in the art of government. I had an idea—which was not new to me, inasmuch as it had been broached in print, some years previously, in a certain periodical paper published in Pumpernickel—that if titles were of use to reward the virtuous and encourage a noble emulation, they might be made of use to punish the evil-minded. Titles of honour for the good, titles of dishonour for the bad; such was the notion, and the more I thought about it, the more it recommended itself to my judgment. If a king likes to be called 'Your Majesty,' a prince 'Your Highness,' a duke 'Your Grace,' a baron 'Your Lordship,' an ambassador 'Your Excellency,' and a magistrate 'Your Worship,' might not a fraudulent bankrupt dislike to be called 'Your Roguery,' a miser or a petty cheat 'Your Meanness,' a convicted slanderer 'Your Villany,' and a systematic adulterator of the people's food 'Your Egregious

Rascality'? I made a resolution to propound this little idea of mine to the great men of Barataria, and hear their opinion upon it, as soon after I should have been fairly seated upon my gubernatorial chair as circumstances allowed. Meanwhile, I made a memorandum of it in my diary, that I might not forget it in the multiplicity of the business that I was sure would crowd upon me if I did my duty.

CHAPTER III.

I ARRIVE IN MUDDLETOWN; AND RESOLVE TO SEE THE GREAT MEN OF THE COUNTRY.

I PASS over, as of no importance, the account of the rejoicings with which I was received by the people of Barataria, on my arrival at the sea-port town of Packetville, on the Baratarian Channel, and of my progress towards Muddletown. Suffice it to say, that at the previous place a large quantity of gunpowder was needlessly wasted in firing a salute—a barbarous practice, very odious and painful to me, and one that seems to be founded on the childish notion that a great noise is symbolical of a great joy. The chief city of Barataria imitated, in this respect, the behaviour of the minor one, and improved upon it by exploding more gunpowder, ringing more bells, and hanging out a greater number of Baratarian flags than the smaller place could afford or find opportunity for. I had to make speeches—at east half-a-dozen of them—before I got safely to

the gubernatorial palace of Muddletown; but I took care to make them short, and, as far as possible, vague and oracular; hinting much, but promising nothing, as is politic in persons of power and authority, from whom much is anticipated, but from whom, in the long-run, nothing particular may come. 'Blessed,' says the old adage, 'are those who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.' Besides, it is never wise to excite too much enthusiasm; and I determined that my subjects should judge of me by my fulfilled intentions (when they *were* fulfilled) and my developed schemes for their good, when fully carried out—if ever they *were* carried out—rather than by my exordiums or my perorations, or anything that came between. I am not an admirer of what the Baratarians call 'the gift of the gab;' for I have often found that your fellows who can talk fluently for three or four hours at a stretch have nothing very particular to say; and that they resemble those industrious artificers, the gold-beaters, who can hammer you out the sixteenth part of an ounce of gold until it covers a good acre of land, doing no good to the acre in the process, and dissipating the gold. So

I was cordial and gracious in my manner—as I always am when occasion calls; but was in words as reticent as an ambassador, or a young lady who has not made up her mind either to accept or reject her suitor. Juanita, not yet a duchess, but soon to be one, did her part beautifully, and scattered her smiles around her as graciously as if she had been the sun in heaven; taking no heed whether she shone upon a mountain or a dung-hill, and dispensing her radiance on every side with a wealth of good-will that made me think that Nature had designed her for an empress at the very least, and that the Court of Barataria, under her influence, would be as bright as it would be virtuous. She took particular notice of the little children at every place where we had to stop, a piece of policy which came to her by instinct rather than by design, and which I imitated, partly because I really love little children, and partly because I thought it would increase my popularity as well as Juanita's, in which calculation I was not disappointed. Little children are of no rank; and the beggar's brat is as interesting as the Queen's. The women spoke of us warmly, and the men did the same, though more coldly;

and when at one place, where a fat Alderman—fatter than I am, though I measure more inches round the girth than any one knows except my tailor—came forth to meet us at the head of a deputation of the townspeople, Juanita took in her arms and kissed a little chubby girl of three years old, who presented her with a large bouquet of choice flowers, almost as large as the child itself, such a volley of cheers burst forth from the crowd as would have convinced me, if I had needed to be convinced, that the surest way to get to the people's heart is to take notice of the people's babies.

It was late in the evening when we arrived at Muddletown, and had it been my first visit—which it was not—I should doubtless have admired the gloomy splendour of its long streets, all lit up with gas-lamps, shining and flaring like gems on the diadem of an empress. But the spectacle was not new; and, moreover, I wanted my supper and my slippers, and an easy-chair to smoke a pipe in, and take such thought of the morrow as was necessary, and no more. Juanita liked me to smoke my pipe, and usually filled it for me with her own fair hands; and while I smoked, she worked at her embroidery. She did

not often commence a conversation with me while the pipe was in my mouth, but she always replied with sweetness and good humour to me when I said anything or asked anything; and if she did not always agree with me (which she certainly did not), she had always a strong reason to give for every opinion that was contrary to my own. On this evening, the first which I spent in Muddletown, too many things crowded at once into my mind to permit me to talk much; and as the blue thin wreaths of smoke curled upwards from my pipe and floated away to the ceiling of the snug little cabinet—or library—in which we had installed ourselves, I evolved out of my dreamy indolence, which was not *all* indolence, more than one plan for my future guidance among the Baratarians. I knew the names of the principal great men among them, of the leaders of political and of religious opinion, and I knew, of course, that these men would either present themselves before me at the first levée which I held, or would visit me privately to welcome me to their country. I longed very much to make their acquaintance in the flesh, and see what manner of men they were, and bethought me that I would give a

series of quiet little dinners (and I must own that I like a nice little dinner, well cooked, well served, with choice wine and choice company—a company that for comfort and social intercourse should not exceed eight), in order to bring them all together in batches. First, I would invite the leading politicians of all parties; second, the theologians—for there is a great deal more theology than religion in Barataria; third, the great lawyers—for if ever there was a country which was lawyer-ridden, it was that in which my lot was cast as governor; fourth, the literati; fifth, the painters, sculptors, musicians, and actors; and sixth, the great merchants, traders, and bankers. I suddenly proposed the scheme to Juanita, and asked her opinion of it.

'A good dinner,' said she, 'is a good thing in itself, more especially if the company be good also; but I don't *think* politics and theology are good things to discuss over the fish, the flesh, or the fowl, over the soup, or the wine, and more especially over the brandy.'

'Then you don't approve of my inviting the politicians or the clergy to discuss affairs after dinner?'

'Well, I should not greatly object, if you managed that the politicians should all be of the same party, and the clergy all of the same Church, otherwise I fear there would either be silence at the table or angry difference of opinion. At the best, you would have but idle chatter. As for the poets, and novelists, and painters, and musicians, and play-actors, that's a different affair; and some fun might come out of them. Suppose you begin with the poets.'

Juanita wrote poetry herself, or, at all events, verse, which may be a very different thing.

'It's easy to talk of poets,' said I, drawing a long whiff; 'but a poet's never very much of a poet until he is dead, and I'd rather read a poet's book than drink wine with him. Besides, it's not the correct thing for kings, emperors, and governors to encourage poetry, or associate with poets, or other hard-up people. Poets are dangerous customers; and if by chance or design I were to show any particular favour to one of the class, I should make ten thousand rhymers, who think themselves poets, as jealous as—Pandemonium.' I was going to use a stronger word; I might have done so appropriately, if there had not been a lady

in the company. 'I would not so much mind the novelists and the play-actors, and the rest of them, though they also are a jealous class of people in Barataria.'

'Then don't invite them,' said Juanita. 'On second thoughts, I am of opinion that that will be the better course. None of the Governors of Barataria have ever done so. If a poet be poor, give him sixpence; if an artist be great, make a knight of him—it will cost *you* nothing, and please his wife; if an actor be very funny, invite him to play before you, and pay him as little as you can; and it need not be much, because in inviting him you advertise him, and that is just what he wants.'

'Ah, but, Juanita, I intend to turn over a new leaf in these matters. There is a difficulty about the poets, because I don't believe there are any except the dead ones, and one or two living ones of the bread-and-butter school, who write for the young ladies, and whom I don't at all appreciate, and one or two more who are so good as to be utterly unintelligible to the present generation. Otherwise I intend that literary and intellectual merit shall under my rule have due appreciation, as far as I can extend it by my means and by my example.'

'Well,' said Juanita, biting off a thread of her work, 'there is no hurry that I am aware of; and your first business, after all, is with the politicians. Ugh! how I hate them!'

Now the fact is Juanita did not hate them — I believe she does not hate anything but dirt, hypocrisy, and lies — but simply she did not like the discussion of politics. Neither do I, for that matter, unless it be a friendly discussion with people who agree with me. My own mind was tolerably well made up about the politics of Bărataria; and I only desired to see the politicians in social intercourse, that I might study their characters, gauge if possible the depths of their minds and the sincerity of their convictions —if they had any, which was a thing I greatly wanted to discover—and to ascertain quietly what assistance I might obtain and what opposition I might encounter in the furtherance of my own philanthropic designs for the good government of my people. There were five of such people more or less opposed to one another in public life, whom I was especially anxious to bring together, and who, if they all came to dinner, would, with Juanita and myself, make up a comfortable and

conversable party of seven—a good number, and a lucky.

The first of these was Pamfoozle — an old gentleman between seventy and eighty, who was a universal favourite. He was nominally of what was called the progressive and liberal party, though people said of him that what he really wanted was to stand still, if he could stand still without danger of losing his place. He was represented to me as cheery and genial, a good fellow, and what in the slang of Barataria was called a *brick* — a man who stuck to his friends, conciliated his foes, and under a mask of bonhommie and carelessness possessed the cunning of a score of foxes. Of the same political party was Monkshood (so named from the conventual property which his ancestors had acquired on the dissolution of the monasteries, convents, and other religious establishments at the time when the Baratarians abandoned the Church of their fathers). He was a sort of rival to Pamfoozle, though content to work along with him rather than not work at all; a gentleman also of advanced age, who had done good service in his youth; a highly respectable and correct person, to whose mind

the possession by anybody of the name of Monkshood, and cousinship to himself or to his wife even to the seventh degree of removal, was a better recommendation than mere merit.

On the other side in politics—the side that desired to stand still, and made no secret of it, though when they had a chance they sometimes advanced more rapidly than their opponents—were two men of great abilities and celebrity, whom I had a vivid curiosity to see and converse with. One was Bamboozle, a noble of very ancient lineage—proud, chivalrous, learned, and eloquent, but not caring much for the public life into which his social position and talents, rather than his inclination, forced him. His friend and fellow-worker was even a more remarkable man—one Benoni, a novelist and a poet, as well as a politician, and the first man of the Hebrew race who had ever become a leader in Barataria, unless among the bankers and money-lenders. Everybody admired Benoni for the indomitable perseverance and self-reliance with which he had triumphantly surmounted difficulties that would have appalled and kept down a heart less stout than his own. The fifth

man that I desired to see and converse with was one Bluff, who was considered an oracle on all matters of trade, and was reported to speak the purest and most forcible Baratarian of any man living. Bluff, it appeared, always said what he meant, and said it well. He hated war as fervently as I do; but somehow or other he always thought that his own country was in the wrong when any difference, however slight, arose with another. Bluff was a hater of titles, as well as of hereditary privileges, and seemed, as far as I could understand at that time, when I knew but little about him, to be an enemy of all government, except that of the shop; and one who thought that pure reason and common sense could settle every difficulty that might, could, or would declare itself among the nations. Bluff too, I had learned, I scarcely knew how, thought himself the wisest man, not alone in Barataria, but in all the world, and invariably declared every man whose opinions were opposed to his own to be a knave and a fool, or a compound of both. Believing this to be a true account of him, I resolved, if I could ever get a chance, to take the conceit out of him, and prove—if not to him-

self, to everybody within earshot—that Bluff was not infallible. Bluff, though a man of peace in theory, was exceedingly bellicose in words, and, in the main, a man whom nature had intended for a despot, but whom fortune and the accident of birth had converted into a democrat. These five I resolved should be of my dinner-party, if they would accept the invitation.

I described all these people to Juanita, between whiffs of smoke, and she listened attentively, making no objection. Next morning I summoned to my councils my old butler; a venerable man, greatly attached to my interests, who robbed me himself when he liked, which was very often, but who would not suffer any one else to do so, whose robberies did not exceed five, or perhaps six, per cent of my income; which robberies I judiciously winked at, and condoned, because I knew that I thereby saved fifty per cent of other robberies, which I could not have prevented, except through his agency. His name was Toole, a Milesian; and as faithful a fellow, all things considered, as ever breathed. An excellent judge of wine (or of stronger liquors), and of a fidelity (the discount excepted) unsurpassed

among the useful class of men and women who are contented to serve the needs and whims of other people for a befitting recompense.

'Pat,' said I, 'we are in a new country, among new people, and my own wines, so excellent in my cellar at home, are not obtainable. I am about to invite a few of the great men of Barataria to dinner; and I must trust to your skill and care, to see that I have the best dinner that can possibly be cooked by the best artist; for a cook, worthy to be so called, is an artist almost worthy to rank with an epic poet, and a great deal more useful. I also expect some of the choicest wines, that not only money—for this is a small thing—but that taste and knowledge such as yours and mine can procure. You understand?'

'Faith, and I do, your honour—your excellency, I mean; and the money being ready, I warrant the rest.'

'Enough,' I replied: 'and, Toole, a word in confidence with you. Keep a sharp look-out over my guests, and if you hear them say anything disagreeable of me behind my back, let me know of it. I want to ascertain what these people

really think of me. I don't want you to spy over them, be sure of that; but there is such a vast deal of hypocrisy in Barataria, as I am given to understand, that you can never find out, except by indirect means, what anybody really thinks of you, unless you are poor and want to borrow money, when you will hear with a vengeance. I don't want to hear the agreeable things they say of me, if they go so far—only the disparagements, and the sneers, and the innuendos; for he who has to govern, Mr. Toole, has a difficult task; and must know his men, in the skin as well as in the coat, with the mask off as well as the mask on, in the unguarded as well as in the guarded moment. You understand?'

'Yes, your honour—your excellency, I mean; but if they are really great men, they will know greatness when they see it, and will not breathe a word, even on the sly, against the Governor of Barataria.'

It is my firm belief that when Toole made this flattering observation, he was calculating in his own mind how much money he could put into his own pocket, as discount upon the bill for the wines and the dinner for my little party.

CHAPTER IV.

I GIVE A DINNER-PARTY, AND DISCOURSE ON THE DUTIES OF GOVERNMENT.

PAMFOOZLE was chief Secretary of the Republic of Barataria, appointed by my predecessor, and held office subject to my good-will and pleasure. He was therefore very deferential and polite on our first, and indeed on every, interview; and told me frankly that he would have preferred a *tête-à-tête* dinner with me, in the first instance, to the larger company, amongst whom I had invited him; and that as etiquette did not allow him to invite the Chief of the State, the only thing to do would be for the Chief of the State to invite Pamfoozle. This suggestion I at once acted upon, and he came the next day in the most friendly manner, and without the least fuss or ceremony. Pamfoozle—called Pam by the people, partly for shortness, partly for affectionate good-will—did not care much about his dinner—nobody does when there are but two in company and a servant

in the room—and did not say much, or unbend or unbosom himself, until the cloth was removed, the coffee served, the tobacco and cognac brought in, and Toole and everybody else had exiled themselves, *ex proprio motu*, to the ante-room.

'I am glad your excellency likes a quiet smoke,' remarked the kindly old gentleman when we were alone. 'I can do either with or without it; but it seems to me that smoke inclines the mind to peace, meditation, and friendly feeling.'

'It's a bad habit,' said I, 'though I indulge in it. But a man must have some vice, and it is better to have a little tranquillising one than a great tormenting and disturbing one.'

'I don't think,' said Pamfoozle, 'that any man ever meditated murder with a cigar in his mouth.'

'Nor do I; though he may have meditated fraud, forgery, or the cooking of his accounts.'

'Your excellency is a philosopher,' said Pamfoozle. 'So am I in a small way; I take things easily. I never give myself much trouble about anything; and I never knew what it was to feel a disappointment keenly, though I have had my share of such accidents of fortune. You will find

the Baratarians rather an odd sort of people,' he added, suddenly changing the subject; 'but not a hard people to govern, if you will not stroke the fur of their backs the wrong way, when, like cats, they are apt to become overcharged with electricity, and to exhibit the sparks rather angrily. But they are a good people at heart, and fond of truth and courage. Even if a man's a villain, they like him to be a bold rather than a sneaking one.'

'I have judged as much,' I replied, 'from their history, past and present; but are they not uncommonly crotchety and fond of grumbling?'

'All civilised nations are crotchety and fond of grumbling,' said Pam. 'Crotchets, liberty, and grumbling always go together. I have been grumbled at as much as any man living, and never cared; and I have been preached at by crowds of crotchet-mongers to such an extent, that if I had not had the patience of a saint, and the *savoir-faire* of a man of the world, I should have made a hundred enemies every day of my official life. You will be plagued that way, I can tell your excellency. If you do not imitate my example, and let the crotcheteers depart unruffled,

and permit the crotchet to run off your mind as the water runs from a duck's back, you will make yourself a thorny bed to sleep upon. We are a nation of reformers in Barataria; everybody wants to reform the world, but nobody wants to reform himself. And as I am a much older man than your excellency, and know not only that you will have a difficult task if you attempt to govern this people on theoretical principles, but that you are a sage and a statesman, and a man with great ideas, I give you this advice;—Let the asses bray, and never let a donkey suspect that you know him to be one. I am always very respectful to fools; in fact it takes a considerable amount of wisdom to make a good fool. By acting upon this principle I have gained no small part of the popularity I enjoy. Blessings upon the fools! I say. If there were no fools in the Baratarian Parliament, no good fellows who are contented to believe what they are told—and who take government on trust—how could any useful measure ever be ripened into an Act of Parliament?'

I acquiesced in Pamfoozle's reasoning; and, he continued, 'Though I am a serious man in my way, I love a joke if it be a good one, whether

I make or hear it. But I have established it as a rule of conduct never to joke either with a stupid or a bad person. None but the wise and good can appreciate a joke, or take it pleasantly if it seems to go against them. But though I don't jest with fools, I make use of them; and if your Excellency understands the art of government, you will do the same. If I could turn fools into wise men, I would not do it universally. Fools are capital instruments to work with, especially if you make believe that you consider them to be wise men.'

He paused, and I did not reply for a minute or two, for I was uncertain whether I understood him or not. At last I said, 'It is possible that I agree with you in the abstract, only I don't exactly know what meaning you attach to the word "folly." All the world are fools, says Monsieur Boileau. *Tous les hommes sont fous, et malgré tous leurs soins; ne différent entre eux que du plus ou du moins!*'

'I am delighted that you speak such excellent French,' said Pamfoozle, in a kindly and patronising manner; 'it is a great language for statesmen and philosophers; the best in the world,

and beats our coarser Baratarian hollow. Pray do not let me interrupt your excellency.'

'What is Folly—who can tell? or is it anything but an excess of wisdom displayed before its time? What is Religion? Does it consist in the crucifying, the damning, or the burning of your neighbour, because his faith is not exactly the same as your own? What is Morality? It is moral in China to smother your superfluous infant daughters, and in Feejee it is highly moral and meritorious to kill and eat your old grandfather, with the proper rites and ceremonies [*bien entendu*]. What is Education?'

'I'll be hanged,' said Pamfoozle, 'if the Baratarians know; for they think you cannot safely teach a child the multiplication table, unless you mix up theology along with it.'

'And what is Patriotism,' I continued, 'except an implied assertion to which I cannot consent, that you must love your own country better than any other, merely because your mother happened to give birth to you in it, and that you must fight for it, even in a wrongful cause, if you are a real patriot?'

'Very true,' said Pamfoozle, 'and if people in

argument could be induced to use, instead of the words you have cited, algebraic terms, and call Religion A, Education B, Morality C, Patriotism D, and the Truth the unknown quantity, an X, to be eliminated, arguments would not be nearly so envenomed as they are.'

I began to like my chief Secretary, and I am convinced he saw that I did, and he became even more friendly and genial in his manner than he was before. 'The great thing with our people,' he continued, 'is not to argue with them over much, and never to be in a hurry to do what they ask you to do. The gourd is in a tremendous hurry to grow, but see what becomes of it in a week or two. But the oak and the yew take their time, and so does Barataria: let it alone, your excellency, and don't attempt to govern it stringently. As much palaver as you please, and as little action as possible. That is my maxim, and I think I know a thing or two.'

Pamfoozle and I parted exceedingly good friends, although there was something about his poco-curante philosophy that did not exactly agree with my more ardent nature. I told the Duchess all that had passed between us; and she

expressed a desire to make the great Secretary's acquaintance, which I promised her she should do. She declined, however, to appear at the dinner-table, thought the gentlemen would be better by themselves, and suggested that she should have an evening reception for a wider company, inclusive of the principal ladies of Barataria, among whom my guests might present themselves at a later hour of the evening. I saw the propriety of this arrangement at once, and agreed to it without farther remark than a playful tap on her pretty cheek, which I am in the habit of giving her when I am pleased. But who was to be the seventh, to fill her place? for seven I had resolved there must be. 'Ah!' said I, 'I have it; I ought to have thought of it before. It shall be the keeper of the Baratarian purse, who is as learned as Bamboozle, as fluent and eloquent as Bluff, a midway man, as it were, between the aristocracy and the democracy, and who has head and heart large enough to welcome new ideas, and to act upon them if they are good ones. I shall invite Hooly; he is of the great Grampian family of the Hoolys and Fairlys.'

'And the party of the seven wise men of

Gotham will be complete,' said the Duchess, with a slight movement of her pretty little nose; 'I am glad that I shall not be present at their deliberations!'

The six noblemen and gentlemen all accepted the invitation, which, coming from me, was looked upon in the light of a command. The arrangements reflected the highest credit upon Toole and the cook, as well as upon the wine merchant; but in other respects I was compelled, very reluctantly, to come to the conclusion that the gathering was a failure. My guests spoke of the weather, of the fashions, of the latest new scandal, of the last exhibition of pictures, of the last new novel of Mr. Wordy, the last new poem of Mr. Milky, the last new picture of Mr. Scratchy, of the prospects of the grouse season in the Highlands of Grampiana, the northern portion of Barataria; but became ominously silent when I attempted to lead the conversation into topics connected with the foreign or the domestic politics of the country. I soon perceived that the six gentlemen at the table, representing as they did the two great parties of the 'ins' and the 'outs' (except Bluff, who said he didn't want to be 'in,' though many

of his friends said he most particularly and anxiously wanted to be asked to come in), were chary of committing themselves before each other. And as it is part of my nature to be candid and free-spoken, and as I was resolved, if possible, that some interchange of ideas should take place between me and the lords and gentlemen, who either were or might become my secretaries, advisers, or chiefs of departments, I watched my opportunity, when the dessert was placed upon the table, and the choice Château Margaux and Clos Vougeot began to circulate (Bluff, I remarked with disappointment, drank nothing but water), to ask their opinion, collectively and individually, upon two questions closely, indeed inseparably, connected with each other, that bore upon the present state and future prospects of Barataria.

'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I have a conscience' ('Bad thing,' said Pamfoozle *sotto voce;* but *I* heard him, though I took no notice), 'and a deep sense of the responsibility that weighs upon me in undertaking the government of this realm.' (Bluff smiled approval; and Bamboozle looked at the colour of the Burgundy in his glass, as he held it up to the light.) 'It seems to me that the

civilisation of Barataria is not what it ought to be; that it is not such a Christian civilisation as it might develop itself into, if the leaders of opinion—the great men in church and state, in law and in literature—would only agree among themselves.'

Pamfoozle winked at Bamboozle, and the wink was returned; Benoni cast a peculiar look upon Bluff, who did not observe it; and Monkshood, who sat next to Hooly, nudged the right honourable gentleman's elbow.

'There are,' I continued, 'two great and crying evils in Barataria that ought to be and must be eradicated; and towards the eradication of which I have determined to devote all the energies of mind and body which God has given me. I mean pauperism and ignorance.'

'A noble task,' said Bluff.

'An impossible one,' said Pamfoozle.

'Waste of good intentions,' said Bamboozle.

'But that ought to be tried,' said Hooly.

'Utopian,' said Monkshood.

'Very creditable to his excellency's heart, said Benoni.

'According to your present laws,' I continued,

'no child born in Barataria is allowed to perish for want of food; and if, in spite of the law, a Baratarian child do perish from this cause, somebody is held responsible and punished.'

'In theory,' said Bluff, 'but not in practice.'

'I would extend the theory and the practice from the body to the mind; and declare that as it is the bounden duty of the father, the mother, the parish, or the State, to supply the child with food, so, in default of father and mother and the parish, it should be the bounden duty of the State to supply every child with a sufficient education to enable it to read, write, and cipher up as far as the Rule of Three, if not to Vulgar and Decimal Fractions. I desire that in the realm of Barataria during my governorship a new era shall commence, the result of which shall be that every young Baratarian shall have a good dinner every day; and that no young Baratarian shall grow up to be a thief or a pauper, for want of the preliminary education that shall fit him when he grows older to be a participator in all the civilising knowledge of the time in which he lives.'

'I wish it could be managed, but I can't see how,' said Pamfoozle.

'And so do I, if the payers of taxes and the bishops would agree to it,' said Bamfoozle.

'Bother the bishops!' said Bluff.

'You ought not to bother the bishops, if you want to get on smoothly and successfully with such questions as these,' said Benoni.

'If to read, means to read the Bible, a begining might be made,' said Monkshood.

'The question is surrounded with difficulties —very great difficulties—not only from bishops, but from the opponents of bishops. A selection from the Bible might answer the purpose,' said Hooly.

'The Old Testament or the New? And who's to select?' said Pamfoozle.

'There's the rub,' said Bamboozle.

'The Sermon on the Mount would be amply sufficient,' said Bluff.

'Quite; if you could get the Jews, the Roman Catholics, the State Churchmen, the Dissenters, the Atheists, and all the rest of them, to agree with you,' said Benoni. 'And then there remains the question of the good dinner every day; one which is not to be easily settled.'

'I know, gentlemen,' I continued, 'that there

are many difficulties; but he who is appalled by difficulties that may chance to be surmountable if they are fairly confronted and grappled with, is but a poor statesman and a still poorer philosopher.'

'Philosophy and statesmanship don't row in the same boat,' said Pamfoozle.

'Their skulls are so different!' said Bamboozle, at which remark Benoni smiled.

I did not see the joke, and went on. 'Both statesmanship and philosophy are engaged in these questions, and religion also, though I most sincerely wish that the religious and pious people of Barataria, or those who call themselves religious, could be compelled to love each other.'

'Love never grows out of compulsion,' said Benoni; 'and if you expect that the religious sects of Barataria will ever cease to snarl and growl at each other, like hungry and angry dogs and wolves, you will have to live into the Millennium to see the consummation you desire.'

'It is not religion that is at fault,' said Bluff, 'but priestcraft. "Minimise priestcraft and maximise religion," said a great Baratarian sage, who now sleeps with his fathers. And for uttering

this noble sentiment in over-latinised Baratarian, all the sects, unanimous for once, burst out into a loud chorus of indignation, and accused him of Atheism.'

'We are getting on dangerous ground,' said Pamfoozle to me in a whisper, not heard by the rest of the company. 'Don't prolong the discussion. Join the ladies upstairs.'

I took the hint, for I had a great respect for the wariness of this excellent old fox. 'Pass the wine, my lords and gentlemen. You will find the Château Margaux of the best vintage, not too young, and not too old. Claret, unlike port, does not keep for forty years; and we will adjourn our discussion *sine die*. Beware the Clos Vougeot, if you are inclined to be gouty. It is first rate, but not favourable to gouty people. What *does* gout proceed from?'

'Gluttony,' said Bluff.

'Hereditary richness of blood,' said Bamboozle.

'Worry,' said Pamfoozle.

'Idleness and want of exercise,' said Benoni.

'Or a combination of all these predisposing causes,' said Hooly.

'Except the second,' said Monkshood.

I made a movement as if I would rise from the table, and very speedily these magnates and lights of Barataria followed me upstairs to the presence of the Duchess de Grimbosh, who certainly *did* look lovely. She was quite at home, bless her heart, and was as luminous and cheerful as a morning of June, when the sky is unclouded, and the air is redolent of the odour of roses and honeysuckle. There were between eight hundred and a thousand people present. That night, before going to bed, and while smoking my accustomed pipe, I confessed that my part of the day's performance had been more or less of a failure, and that Juanita's part had been a decided success. I had only opened my mouth to create opposition or distrust; while she had only opened hers to make friends of everybody, except the young women who were not so pretty as herself, and who thought the men had all lost their senses in declaring her to be so handsome.

Toole informed me, after all the company had departed, that Bamboozle, when putting on his overcoat, had whispered to Benoni the words 'Revolutionary humbug,' and that Benoni had re-

plied 'Ass;' but whether meaning me or somebody else he could not say. The others had made no remark, with the exception of Bluff, who, in a sort of dreamy soliloquy, had said, 'A wise statesman.' I thought to myself that if ever I wanted counsel in the difficulties that might be in store for me, I should consult Bluff.

CHAPTER V.

I AM ASKED TO REDRESS MANY URGENT GRIEVANCES, AND TO INAUGURATE MANY USEFUL REFORMS.

EVERYTHING is known in Barataria, and a good deal more. A man very eminent in public life cannot blow his nose in public but what the colour of his pocket-handkerchief will be duly reported in the newspapers, as well as the number of times he may have sneezed, or coughed, before resorting to his pocket. All the people, except the very small people whom nobody cares to know or hear of, live in glass houses, against which the passers-by make no scruple of flattening their ugly noses, if they can learn anything to gossip about afterwards. It speedily became known in Muddletown and throughout the whole country that I was a philanthropist, a humanitarian, a social reformer, and a man with ideas for the regeneration of the world. There was much exaggeration in the reports that flew from mouth to mouth, from

newspaper to newspaper, from gobemouche to gobemouche, and especially from those industrious members of the gobemouche fraternity who are kept in Muddletown at the expense of provincial journals, for the enlightenment of the bucolic mind and that of the small traders in remote country places, as to the scope and purpose of my philanthropy. But it was beneath my gubernatorial dignity to contradict these reports; and the only course open to me to set myself right was, to declare my views publicly as occasion served, and cause my private secretary to correct any errors that might appear in the newspaper reports of my expositions. Opportunity did not fail. I had not been installed in my chair above a month, before petitions, memorials, addresses, and solicitations for interviews, began to pour in upon me by every post, from all the philanthropists, humanitarians, and theorists of the country. It seemed to me that the confusion of tongues at Babel must have been small and petty compared with the confusion of opinions that prevailed in Barataria; and that Baratarian civilisation, so called, was a chaotic and nebulous mass, seething and fermenting with doctrines

that did not fit into or amalgamate one with another; and the result of which might possibly be to elevate men into angels, but which, with equal possibility, might evolve devils and dragons out of the restless chaos which bubbled under my nose. But I was more amused than alarmed at the study, and resolved to see and converse with such deputations of the philosophers, male and female, as came either to preach at me, or to solicit my aid and countenance in the furtherance of their objects. My private secretary, a young Milesian gentleman, who had been recommended to me by Toole, and who I found was some distant relative of his own, claiming descent from some barbarous monarch of the olden time named Brian Boru, and who called himself 'The O'Sullivan Boru,' was instructed to make a short abstract of all the letters and documents that were forwarded to me, that I might not lose time in wading through the verbosities of the social philosophers, and the discoverers of panaceas for all the moral as well as physical evils that afflict humanity. In this service I found the O'Sullivan Boru very useful; for he had a marvellous quickness in plucking out the needle from the bottle of

hay, and a pleasant manner in setting forth other people's reasoning in his own way, without doing injustice to theirs. Out of a very great and voluminous mass of correspondence officially addressed to me, the O'Sullivan Boru systematised, arranged, and made a *précis* of the following:

Soliciting an interview with his Excellency Baron Grimbosh, Doctor of Philosophy, Governor of Barataria—

1. A deputation from the Society of Universal Peace and Brotherhood; signed by John Blathers and upwards of three thousand persons of both sexes. Objects of the society: to abolish war, both offensive and defensive; to disband the army; to cease the building of war-ships; and to convert such war-ships as were already in existence into floating hospitals or reading-rooms.

2. A petition from five thousand ladies and twenty-four gentlemen of Barataria, signed on behalf of the female sex by Theodosia Blue, Xantippe Prodgers, and Angelina Ricketts, setting forth the wrongs that they, who claim to be a clear moiety of the human race, have endured, and do endure, at the hands of the other half, in being prevented by tyrannical law, and still more

tyrannical custom, from being ministers of state, field-marshals, generals, colonels, captains, admirals, members of parliament, ambassadors, archbishops, bishops, deans, archdeacons, rectors, vicars, curates, lords chancellor, judges, barristers, and doctors; and soliciting an interview with his excellency to expound their views, and set forth the remedy for the grievous evils complained of.

3. A memorial signed by Sir Pump Handell and Mr. Hyson Potts, and several thousand others, setting forth that all the evils that afflicted Barataria, moral and physical, all the vice, all the crime, all the pauperism, all the madness, all public and private misery, arose from the wicked propensity of the Baratarians to drink the filthy liquors called beer and ale, and the still filthier liquors called wine, gin, rum, brandy, &c.; and praying that his excellency would forthwith, in the true interest of the Baratarian people, committed by God to his charge, prohibit, under the heaviest penalties he could possibly inflict, the brewing and distilling of such drinks within the limits of Barataria, and levy a duty of ten thousand per cent *ad valorem* upon such drinks, in-

clusive of wines, as it was sought to import from foreign countries.

[Memorandum. This petition occupied so many rolls of parchment, and was so heavy and unwieldy, that it required the united strength of two men to carry it into my office and deposit it in a corner.—(Signed) The O'Sullivan Boru.]

4. A petition from Silas Meek, Fernando Bosh, and fifty others, setting forth that all the miseries of society are caused by the use of butcher's meat —or, in other words, animal food; and that if men and women could be induced, or forced, to subsist only on bread, fruit, and vegetables, the golden age of innocence would return, and war and oppression and crime of all sorts would cease in happy Barataria within the lifetime of a single generation.

[N.B. Mr. Silas Meek thinks he can prove, to the satisfaction of his excellency, that every murder committed in Barataria can be traced to the love of the murderer for pork-chops, and that robberies and burglaries grow naturally out of that selfish and cruel indulgence in the coarse appetite which prompts people to eat beef.—The O'Sullivan Boru.]

5. A memorial very numerously signed, praying for the condign punishment of every publican who adulterates the beer or other drink of the people; of every grocer who fraudulently sells sloe-leaves for tea, chicory for coffee, or mixes sand in his sugar; of every baker who puts bone-dust, lime, or other deleterious ingredients into his bread; of every milkman who waters his milk, or sells liquids for milk that are compounded of unwholesome and filthy ingredients; and of every trader, no matter in what article, who either adulterates his goods, or sells them by false weight and measure. The memorialists urge that it is of no use to punish such offenders by pecuniary fines; that the only effectual methods of dealing with them are to shut up their shops by military or police authority, to confiscate their goods, and prohibit them from recommencing any trade for a period not less than one year, and not exceeding two, according to the heinousness of their offence. If such measures are found ineffectual, the memorialists recommend a public flogging at the cart's tail, round or through the respective cities and towns in which they reside, periodically at intervals of a month; or the nailing of their

ears to their own door-posts, as used to be the paternal and excellent method in the days of Haroun Alraschid and among Oriental nations generally. They farther recommend that no such person, on being legally convicted, be allowed to sue any person for debt for a period not exceeding five years.

6. A memorial from the friends of universal brotherhood, setting forth the enormous expense of the diplomatic service of Barataria, asserting that ambassadors are only sent abroad as spies upon the courts of foreign nations; that they are retailers of slanders and tittle-tattle; that they never prevent wars, but often, by their impertinence and ignorance, provoke them; and praying that no more ambassadors or envoys be employed, unless on special occasions, when they should be sent to do their business, be well paid for it, and ordered to return home immediately it was concluded. The memorialists urge that Barataria and its Governor have no more moral right to know what is going on in the courts and palaces of foreign emperors, kings, governors, and presidents than people have to know the pecuniary and domestic affairs

of other people who live in the same street with them, to the right hand or to the left; and that diplomacy is but another name for scandal and mischief-making; in short, that ambassadors are no better than old women.

7. A memorial from the unmarried ladies of Barataria, setting forth that breach of promise of marriage by a man, followed by his marriage to another woman, ought to be declared a felony, and to be punished as such, by solitary confinement for ten years; after which time, the culprit might be permitted to visit his wife, if she cared to receive him. The memorialists also pray that a man, if single, who seduces a woman be compelled to marry her under pain of death; and that if he were a married man at the time the offence was committed, he should be put to death, to prevent effectually the repetition of his crime.

8. A memorial from the unskilled labourers and skilled mechanics of Barataria, praying that no man be permitted to work more than eight hours a day, or to receive less than eight shillings per day wages, whether he be skilled or unskilled, whether trade and manufacture be brisk or slack, remunerative or unremunerative; that rose-water

baths be provided, cool in summer and warm in winter, at the public cost, for the use of working-men, their wives and families, on the principle that cleanliness is next to godliness, and that it is not only the interest, but the duty of the state to provide that all its people be both godly and cleanly.

9. A memorial from three hundred and fifty-five unhappy wives, praying that divorce may be made as easy as falling in love, and that the law may impose no more obstruction in wading out of the pond of matrimony than it imposes on wading into it; and that his excellency the Governor, in the exercise of that mingled wisdom and benevolence which are characteristic alike of himself and his illustrious ancestors, will take pity on the unutterable miseries of the petitioners, by fixing the price of a divorce at a sum not exceeding two-and-sixpence; and that sufficient causes for divorce be decreed at a day's notice, in cases of proved incompatibility of temper, drunkenness, bankruptcy, imprisonment by legal sentence, assault and battery thrice repeated, the opening of a wife's letter contrary to her wishes, or the loss of

a husband's nose by disease or accident, or by such incurable idleness on the part of the husband as compels the wife to labour for the support of the family.

[Note. In the great republic of Atlantis, a wife recently obtained a divorce from her husband on the ground that he had been run over by an omnibus, and had to lose his leg by amputation. She pleaded that she married a man with two legs; and that her husband having lost one by no fault of hers, the marriage contract was invalid. The plea was allowed.—The O'Sullivan Boru.]

10. A protest against the use of tobacco, whether in snuffing, chewing, or smoking. This protest aims at his excellency himself, who is known to love a smoke, and entreats him to desist from setting so pernicious an example to the people. The protest is accompanied by a memorial signed by a dozen doctors, three tailors, two shoemakers, five bishops, one lawyer, and a large number of poor women (these complain of the extravagance of their husbands in wasting on this deleterious article money that would be better employed in purchasing ribbons), setting forth

that tobacco is the source of unnumbered woes, that it encourages drunkenness, produces madness, and deprives the new-born generation of the proper activity of brain that ought to belong to all, and does belong to all except to the sons and daughters of confirmed smokers; and praying that smoking be discouraged, and if possible prohibited, in the interest of civilisation itself, which threatens to be lost in a new generation of fools and idiots, produced by over indulgence in this selfish and demoralising vice.

11. A memorial in favour of establishing a National Beehive, in which, as among those intelligent and industrious creatures the bees, the drones who could not or would not work should at the age of twenty-one be solemnly and judicially put to death, and in which the workers should all be of equal rank, and receive equal shares of the produce of their labour; an arrangement by which, the memorialists contend, society will, for the first time in the history of the world, be placed upon a natural and equitable basis, and pauperism, with all its concomitant evils, be abolished and rendered impossible by safe, efficacious, and economical means.

After I had read thus far, and there were thrice as many more *précis* to follow, I thought I would stop to draw breath, and rang the bell for the O'Sullivan Boru.

'Boru,' said I, 'there must surely be a great number of mad people in Barataria; an unusually great number. Is there anything peculiar in the weather, just now?'

'Such madness, your excellency, is the normal state of the Baratarians. It was said about three hundred years ago, by the celebrated Baratarian poet, one Wagstaffe, in one of his noble tragedies, that a madman more or less in Barataria did not signify, inasmuch as all the people were mad there.'

'Find and mark the passage for me; I wish to refer to it. I don't think, however, that *all* these memorialists are demented, though some of them are indubitably so. How many more such memorials as these have you to go through?'

'About a library full, and dry work I find it.'

'Then sit down and take a drink and a smoke, while I consider whether I will run the risk of addling my brain by perusing any more of these memorials for a month or two. It seems to me

that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, and that if I receive these eleven deputations, whose views are embodied in the synopses you have made, and take them at the rate of one per week, I shall have enough to do. What think you?'

'And more than enough, your excellency.'

'I think I shall begin with Miss Theodosia Blue and the other five thousand ladies and the twenty-five gentlemen. I think I have read somewhere of a tavern bill in which there was but one halfpenny-worth of bread to an intolerable quantity of sack or other wine; and it strikes me that the proportion of gentlemen to ladies in this petition is of the same nature, and almost infinitesimal.'

'The passage is in Wagstaffe, your excellency.'

'Wherever it is, I think the quotation apt to the occasion,' said I. 'I shall receive the ladies first, hear what they have to say, and make them hear what I have to say in reply to them. You may go, Mr. Boru, and summon Theodosia Blue and as many of her fair associates as the great hall of my mansion can accommodate—about five hundred, I should say.'

. The secretary thought that five hundred could find admission by squeezing, if they were not very old or fat; or, as he put it, if they were not afflicted with too much *embonpoint.* Having made a note of my instructions, he drained his glass and departed.

I duly informed Juanita of this arrangement, and asked her opinion.

'A parcel of old frumps,' she said, 'I warrant me, who have failed to get married; and of young minxes who want to get married, and who find no one courageous enough to propose to them. I have no patience with such brazen, impudent, forward—'

'Hush, Juanita!' I said, 'you must not be uncharitable. If the poor women wish to get married—why should they not?—and have failed, is not that a reason for our sympathy? And as there are more women than men born in Barataria, and all the poor ladies cannot therefore get husbands, is not that an additional reason why the path of life should, if possible, be smoothed for these unfortunates, and why all artificial impediments in the way of their gaining their own subsistence should be removed?'

'Depend upon it,' replied she, 'there is not a pretty girl among them; the pretty girls are sure to get married.'

'But if a girl be ugly, can she help it?' said I. 'Is not that her misfortune rather than her fault? All women are not so charming as my Juanita.'

'And you would say, if you dared, "not so fortunate."'

'Never mind,' said I, 'whether they be pretty or ugly, I shall not pretend to face them alone, and hope that you will support me by your presence. I admire all women for your sake, Juanita; and though I feel that my interview with the strong-minded ones will be a formidable business, I shall trust to get through it satisfactorily if you will help me to receive them.'

So this knotty point was settled, and Juanita agreed to do as I requested.

CHAPTER VI.

A FORMIDABLE INTERVIEW.

On the morning of the day appointed for the official reception of Theodosia Blue, Angelina Ricketts, Xantippe Prodgers, and the other learned and accomplished ladies who were angry and disappointed with fate, fortune, circumstance, and the conditions of life in which they found themselves, Pamfoozle breakfasted by special invitation with Juanita and me. Juanita, strong in her previously expressed opinion, offered to bet me a hundred to one that there would not be a single pretty girl or handsome woman among the 'lot,' as she called them. 'It is of no use betting with your wife, or indeed with any woman, for if she loses she never pays; and I think your Grace would lose your wager, if any one accepted it,' said Pamfoozle, who was noted for his politeness to the fair sex. 'If I were a betting man, which I

am not, I would wager three to one that you could not collect in any part of Barataria one hundred women, young, or old, or of middle age, without coming to the conclusion that three-fourths of them either were or had been good-looking, and a full tenth of them beautiful.'

'But it spoils a woman's good looks,' said Juanita, 'if she goes preaching, palavering, and moaning about her rights. A woman has but one right—which includes all the rest—the right to have a good husband! Let her obtain this, be happy, and hold her tongue about other people's grievances.'

'Ah, Juanita,' replied I, as she looked at me with an expression of countenance that appeared to me to say, more plainly than any words could have done, how fully satisfied she was with the right she had acquired, 'but that's the very difficulty these unhappy ladies complain of.'

'No,' said Juanita, 'there are many of them married.'

'Ay, but to bad husbands, perhaps; so that their one right is not secured; nor, as long as the bad husband lives, is it securable.'

'Anyhow,' said she, 'that's no reason why

the creatures should wish to make men of themselves, by striving to be doctors, and generals, and judges. If I were a man, I don't think I should like a woman to be unwomanly; or who was either a judge, a general, or a member of parliament.'

Pamfoozle said little, but I could plainly see that he was of Juanita's opinion. When at last the deputation was announced, I asked him to accompany us, and stand by my side, Juanita to take her place on the other, while I listened to what the ladies had to say. There was a great rustling of silks and satins as we entered, and a powerful smell of musk, lavender-water, and other scents pervaded the apartment. Juanita whispered to me that there was only one pretty girl among them. I was too confused to look for the pretty girl; for the feeling that five hundred pairs of women's eyes are scanning and observing your height, your breadth, the colour of your hair and eyes, the length of your nose or the cut of your beard, the style of your dress, or your personal imperfections, if you happen to possess any, is not such as to inspire a sensitive and sensible man with confidence. I had screwed my cour-

age up, however; and, moreover, had prepared a little speech in my own mind, which I was determined to deliver.

'Ladies,' I said, 'it gives me great and sincere pleasure to see before me this goodly gathering of the beauty, the intellect, and the tenderness of the better part of Barataria. Yes; I say it from my heart, and not as the mere repetition of a parrot-like compliment to the ladies;—the fairer, and in some respects the wiser, half of the creation. [Here the silks rustled gently.] I am sorry that you should have any grievances which seem to you to call for redress; and trust you will believe me when I say, that if I can remedy any evil that afflicts you, either as women or as citizens of Barataria, I shall be most happy to do so; and in any case, to give my earnest attention to all that you have to say [again the silks rustled]. I hope, however, that you will not all speak at once [an audible giggle], and that *all* of you will not speak separately [another giggle]; and that no lady will speak for more than ten minutes.' There was a slight attempt to express disapprobation at this last remark; but the venerable Pamfoozle held up his hand in a deprecatory

manner, and the audience subsided into good humour.

Seeing that I had finished, a lady, introduced by Pamfoozle as Mrs. Theodosia Blue, stepped forward, and explained that, as only three of the five hundred were going to speak, and each of the three had much to say, it was impossible, and if not impossible would be unjust, to compress each statement into so short a compass as that of ten minutes. I yielded the point instanter; and while recommending the three to be as succinct as possible, expressed my perfect willingness to listen to them as long as they had anything to say bearing upon the questions involved in their memorial. All this while I was studying the not very attractive appearance of Mrs. Blue. She appeared to be about fifty years of age; had a red face, of which the reddest part was the nose; wore a dress that was of good material, but ill-made (Juanita said she was 'a dowdy'), and seemed to have no idea of the harmony of colour. She was thin and above the middle height, and had evidently never been beautiful or even good-looking; her voice grated harshly on the ear, like the rusty hinges of a great door swinging to

and fro; and her whole manner was querulous, impatient, defiant, and dictatorial.

'We reject,' she said, 'the silly compliments and the fulsome flatteries of man; they are only employed to fool us and keep us in good humour. Men do not flatter each other, except for a selfish purpose; and their flatteries of women are degradations to those who accept them, and are so intended.'

'No, no!' said a musical voice, somewhere among the ladies at the far end of the room.

'Yes, yes! I say, yes!' repeated Mrs. Blue with sharp dissonant emphasis. 'We are treated as playthings [*I* shouldn't like such a plaything as Mrs. Blue, I thought to myself, but said nothing. Pamfoozle sent me a knowing wink from his sleepy gray eyes]; and we intend to be treated for the future as equals, in right, in power, and in responsibility. At present we suffer not only from the insulting patronage of men, but are prevented from doing justice to our own natures and aspirations. We are treated by the law as if we were goods and chattels, as much the property of men—if we are married to them—as their coats and their boots. ['No, no!'

from several ladies.] Again I say, yes, yes! Our immortal souls yearn for higher and nobler work than has been hitherto allotted to us, as if we were only created to be drudges and to do all the menial offices of men's households. Men were not intended to be, and shall not be, our lords and masters, or in any way our superiors. They are our equals only, and not even that in all things. We require that no office, high or low, that is open to a man to accept shall be shut against a woman. We intend to be judges. We intend to be generals. We intend to be ministers of state. We intend to be members of the legislature. We intend to be barristers and attorneys. We intend to be surgeons and physicians. More than that, we intend to drive out of their employ the base poltroons and cowards and Jemmy Jessamies of the male sex, who compete with women for the very lowest kinds of women's work; and especially we mean to prevent, if law and public opinion will aid us, the sale of articles of women's under-clothing by young men in linendrapers' and silk-mercers' shops, who ought to be soldiers, sailors, ploughmen, stokers, bricklayers, and porters, or engaged in the performance of work

that requires strength of arm rather than delicacy of finger.'

Mrs. Blue paused here as if waiting for applause, and the applause came. She continued: 'And all these ends we seek to accomplish, asking them not as favours but as rights; rights that, if not to be won by permission and reason, must be extorted by force of arms.' A loud burst of laughter—in which neither Juanita nor I could help joining, and which brought a scarcely perceptible smile to the lips, but a very perceptible wink to the eye, of the great Pamfoozle—ran through the whole assemblage, with the exception of Mrs. Blue and the two others, who, I suppose, were the two that proposed to address me afterwards. Mrs. Blue gazed around her indignantly. 'I am ashamed of my sex,' she said, 'for this unseemly exhibition. Are our arms, then, to be despised by proud men?'

'By no means,' said Pamfoozle in an audible whisper, 'if they be the proper arms applied at the proper times and places.'

Mrs. Blue suspected that he had said something disagreeable, and curled her lip, and her nose too, it seemed to me, as if she would exhibit

ineffable disdain. Then, as if suddenly making up her mind to be so utterly disgusted as to be unable to say any more, she called upon Sister Xantippe Prodgers to address his excellency (me). Miss Prodgers prepared to do so by unrolling a bulky manuscript daintily tied around with a blue ribbon, and stepping forward a pace or two. The fair Xantippe was young and rather pretty, and would have looked much prettier if she had not worn an epicene costume, half male, half female, a compromise between the petticoat and the trousers. She was announced as a traveller from the distant but kindred republic of Atlantis, and spoke with a nasal drawl, such as I had never heard before, and which to my unaccustomed ear was inexpressibly distressing. Though the language she used was unmistakably Baratarian, there was a flavour of foreignness about it, to which it took me several minutes to become accustomed.

'I have to indorse,' she said, 'the elegant sentiments so ably and clearly expressed by my friend and fellow-labourer in this sacred cause, the world-renowned and incomparable Theodosia Blue. When the so-called lords of the creation,

in the intensity of their arrogance and conceit, dare to talk of the natural inferiority of women to men, I point to Theodosia Blue as a sufficient refutation of the impious charge. I assert, without fear of contradiction, that woman is superior to man.'

'In love and beauty, especially when young,' whispered Pamfoozle.

Theodosia Blue looked at him vindictively, though she could not have heard what he said; and then at me, as if I were *particeps criminis* in the unknown offence which she suspected, instinctively I suppose, from the expression in his eye, and the peculiar smile that travelled over his lips.

'Yes; woman has as much intellect as man, with finer perceptions, and a more delicate sensibility. She has an innate capacity for divining truths, which nature has not granted to man's robuster and coarser nature. It is time that the old calumny to the contrary should be set at rest for ever; and so strongly do I feel upon the subject, that I, even I, Xantippe Prodgers, declare that if Satanas himself, Lucifer, son of the morning, the arch enemy of mankind, were to utter the vile slander in my presence at the great day of

Doom, I would give him the lie direct, and cram the base libel down his throat !'

Mingled laughter and applause greeted the speaker, as with hysterical animation she uttered this portentous threat, and I could not help noticing that my wife turned her head away, and covered her mouth with her pocket-handkerchief to prevent an explosion of merriment. I must confess that it was with the utmost difficulty that I too preserved my gravity, especially when Pamfoozle blew his nose loudly and winked at me during the process.

'We do not expect—that is, we, the women—that we can overcome the prejudices and the pride of men on this subject, all at once; but we can make a begining with the law, if we are powerless against public opinion; and we call upon your excellency to aid us in our endeavours to establish perfect equality. Why, for instance, should not a wife go to law on her own account, if she thinks proper, without sheltering herself behind her husband? Why may she not have the sole right to the use and enjoyment of her own earnings? Why may not a woman sit in Parliament, and even preside over it, if she

can get a sufficient number of members to vote for her occupancy of the chair? Above all, we call upon your excellency, in view of the distressed condition of many hundreds of thousands of unmarried women, in all the great towns and cities of Barataria, to decree that all men be forthwith dismissed from the situations which they hold in banks, post-offices, workshops, and in milliners', drapers', and silk-mercers' establishments; and that women be forthwith appointed to the same.'

'I, as a woman, object, and very much object, to that proposal,' said a soft musical voice from the far end of the room, 'and claim a right to be heard on the subject.'

'Wait till I have done,' said Xantippe, 'and please not to interrupt the proceedings.'

'Then have done quickly,' said the same musical voice, 'and don't talk any more nonsense.'

Theodosia Blue, Xantippe Prodgers, Angelina Ricketts, and half-a-dozen other ladies in the front rank, turned round defiantly to see whence the interruption proceeded, and there was a stamping, a tapping, a commotion, and a confusion of tongues all at once, which betokened a storm

approaching. Pamfoozle was evidently delighted, and said to me, in a cheery tone and a low whisper, 'Egad, I like this! Look out for fun!' Juanita seemed to me to be about as pleased as she usually is when the curtain at the theatre rises for the commencement of the performance; whilst I endeavoured to impose upon my face a look of grave and impartial pomposity, though I was more inclined to laugh than to look serious. The noise increased. The fair Prodgers attempted to speak. No one listened. Theodosia Blue came to the rescue, and attempted to raise her voice above the tumult. It was all in vain. Pamfoozle waved his hand. 'Ladies,' he said, 'I am commissioned by his excellency to request order; and I humbly venture to suggest that you would do well to listen patiently until Miss Prodgers has finished her speech, or read her lecture, or delivered herself of what she has to be delivered of.' At this there was an immense outcry and uproar, and a mingled Babel of cheers, huzzas, hisses, cachinnations, coughings, and indescribable noises. Pamfoozle again waved his hand with good-humoured dignity. Cries of 'No Pamfoozle!' 'Hear Prodgers!' 'Down with Prodgers!'

Pamfoozle, like a magician endeavouring to allay a storm, made one other attempt at conciliation and peace. 'Ladies,' he said, 'dear creatures, charmers, joy of this mortal life, listen to your friend Pamfoozle!' A fearful uproar saluted this short address, amid which the shrill voice of Theodosia Blue was heard to exclaim, 'Insulting old dotard, keep your silly compliments for those who appreciate them—we don't.' Pamfoozle smiled; and raising his voice, said, 'Will the fair lady who takes exception to the remarks of the last speaker do his excellency and the assemblage the favour of stepping forward to the front, that we may be the better enabled to see and hear her?'.

Again there was a rustling of silks and satins, followed by a partial subsidence of the previous uproar. Immediate way was made for the new speaker to advance, and all eyes were turned upon a buxom and handsome little woman of thirty or thirty-five, with laughing blue eyes, a winsome smile, a profusion of brown hair, a well-gloved little hand, and a toilette that in every respect was remarkable for its good taste and elegance. 'It is Lady Julia Golightly,' said Pam-

foozle to me; 'and a very sensible woman she is, and will flutter the dovecots of the Volscians.'

"'Traitors in the camp,' said Theodosia Blue to Xantippe Prodgers, loud enough to be heard by the new-comer. 'If the women of Barataria cannot be true to each other, how can they expect the men to be true to them?'

'I have but little to remark,' said the Lady Julia, 'except that this meeting is not a fair representative of the public opinion of the women of Barataria. We, the true women and true ladies of the land, rich or poor, do not want to be judges or members of parliament, or anything but the good wives of good husbands, and good mothers of good families. Those who have bad husbands want their own earnings to be protected, and I believe that that is the full amount of the grievances of my poorer sisters. As for the demand that men shall not be allowed to serve in linendrapers' and silk-mercers', or in any other shops which ladies frequent, I hold it to be all nonsense—bosh—in a word, humbug; and that if it were possible to enforce such a stupid enactment, the women would be more dissatisfied than the men. [Cries of 'No, no!'] I speak

for myself and scores of other women,' reiterated the speaker, 'and I say boldly, I prefer, when I go to a shop to make purchases, to be waited upon by a man [cheers and hisses]. In shops where women serve, women do not receive the same politeness and attention that they receive from young men. If a pretty woman has a purchase to make, the ugly one behind the counter will neglect her, or curl up her nose at her, or be snappish in her answers; or if the woman behind the counter thinks herself prettier than the customer, she will not take the smallest trouble to please her, or display her goods. I prefer the men, and I say so openly. I like civility. I like little harmless attentions, and I like the respect which the one sex owes the other. I like to see, from the expression in a man's eyes, that he thinks me good-looking; and it's my opinion that if such a ridiculous law as that proposed were carried into effect, that not half the business now done in women's finery would be done at all, and that two-thirds of the young shopwomen would have to be discharged by their half-bankrupt employers.'

A mingled shower of applause and disappro-

bation, not unaccompanied by a few stray sibillations, scattered itself over the meeting; but the fair Julia was not to be disconcerted, and quietly concluded by an earnest recommendation to women, whether young or old, to keep away from public meetings, and endeavour to make their homes happy. 'For my part,' added she, firing a farewell shot or two, 'I'd just as soon be a scavenger as a politician! And if women are to be bishops, and all the rest of it, why not make them policemen—I beg pardon, policewomen?'

Miss Prodgers started forward, waving her manuscript above her head, prepared to renew the battle. Pamfoozle, comprehending at a glance the state of affairs, dexterously requested silence for his excellency. I saw that the discussion, if permitted, threatened to be interminable; and taking the hint of Pamfoozle, resolved to say my say forthwith, and dismiss the assembly with fair words and good advice.

'Ladies! or if you prefer to be called so,—women of Barataria and Muddletown! I have listened attentively to all that has been said this morning; and desire to express my fullest, my tenderest sympathy with every movement

and every question that has a tendency to elevate the moral, the physical, and the intellectual condition of women. I do not think it ought to be considered a grievance by women, but, on the contrary, a blessing, that men should take upon themselves the harder and rougher work and duties of life; and spare the physically, I will not say mentally, weaker sex the annoyances that attend upon the struggles of existence, and the bitternesses of public discussion. It is not a woman's business to govern, but to cheer; not to struggle, but to be struggled for; not to be one of a mazy multitude out of doors, but to be a queen absolute, and a gracious princess at her own fireside. Such is woman for the most part among the rich and well-to-do of all countries, and such is her position among the wealthy of Barataria. If the women of the poor, or the comparatively poor, instead of striving to become doctors would become nurses; if, instead of aspiring to be orators, they would study how to become cooks, and how to make a poor husband's half-crown's worth of food go farther and be more delicious, with good management and good cooking, than five shillings' worth would

go without skill and economy, I think they would do better for themselves and for the world than by attempting an impossible revolution in the relations of the sexes. There is abundance of employment in Barataria for every honest man and woman; and I hope there are plenty of good husbands to be found for all the good girls who wish to get married. As for the question of men in women's shops, that is one which does not pertain to the law, but to social opinion; one which it is for women themselves to settle. If a lady does not like to buy a pair of stockings or of garters from a man, let her go to a place where she knows that a woman will attend upon her. [I noticed that Lady Julia Golightly listened with great attention to what I said, and that she smiled very graciously at the last remark.] In short, and in conclusion, let me say, ladies, that home is your realm; a realm of flowers and sunshine, if you choose to make it so; and that, if you leave it for the hard stony highway of politics and public affairs, you will not only deprive yourselves of all true happiness, but us also, the poor helpless men, whom we all know that in your hearts you value more than you do yourselves.'

The bulk of the assembly tittered. Lady Julia's face beamed with satisfaction; Theodosia Blue turned away in disgust; and Xantippe Prodgers crushed her manuscript savagely in her hand, and thrust it into the pocket of a masculine-looking upper coat, that did duty for a mantle.

Pamfoozle added a few words. 'The laws of Barataria,' he said, 'are not perfect; what laws are? And there is much to be said, in fact everything to be said, in favour of freeing from the husband's control the earnings of a wife who is the bread-winner of the family. But I must confess I should not like Lady Pamfoozle, who is an excellent woman, to be eligible to a seat in the cabinet of his excellency as long as I have the honour of a share in his excellency's counsels. Besides, I am a friend of the little children, whose interests, and even whose existence, present and proximate, has been unaccountably ignored by the ladies who have spoken; and what, I want to know, is to become of the babies, and of the next generation, if the women of Barataria are to do men's duty, without providing any substitutes to do their own?'

Theodosia muttered 'fool' and 'tyrant;' Miss

Prodgers sighed that it was in vain to expect justice from 'males,' as I retired from the room, closely followed by the Duchess and Pamfoozle. When I got clear of the ladies, I thought what a happy man I was, to have married a kind true-hearted woman, who did not pretend to be a philosopher, although in reality she *was* one.

CHAPTER VII.

PUBLIC OPINION, AND ANOTHER DEPUTATION.

Barataria is renowned for the number and the ability of its newspapers and reviews, and for the independent and generally fair manner in which their conductors and writers express their opinions upon all social, political, legal, philosophical, and literary matters. The eyes of the press are turned everywhere. The tongue of the press is never silent. The pen of the press is never idle. The criticism of the press extends to everything. Nothing is too high for it, nothing is too low. Knowing its ubiquity and its influence, I was curious to ascertain what its judgment would be on the deputation of women to 'his excellency,' and of the manner in which 'his excellency' had treated the questions which had been proposed. I found that all the great journals were agreed in bantering and making fun of the ladies for their pretensions, and in

approval of the advice I had given them they praised what they called my common sense; and one of them, said to be a great authority among solid men of business, and all the heavy weights of the country, distinctly stated that I deserved the thanks of every husband and father, for my recommendation of the study of cookery, as something in which the women of Barataria were wofully deficient. There was but one journal that was dissatisfied with me, with Pamfoozle, with Theodosia Blue and all the other ladies, with everybody, and with everything that was said or left unsaid — a journal commonly known as the *Malignant*. The writer not merely hinted, but asserted, that we were all fools together, that everybody was a fool, and implied or insinuated that there was only one wise man in Barataria—himself; a man who knew everything and could excel in everything, in the writing of an epic poem, the government of a great state, the cooking of a goose, or the composition of a new Encyclopædia. When Pamfoozle called on me next morning, I asked what this extraordinary journal was, and whether it had any weight or authority with the people.

'*O*, the *Malignant*,' said he; 'nobody cares what it says. To be praised by it would be a serious thing for a public man; but then it never praises anybody, so that danger is avoided. To be abused by it is a proof that you are eminent or virtuous, and that you possess genius and abilities of no common order. If it were not for the fact that the *Malignant* has no friends, it might take for its motto "*nul n'aura de l'esprit, hors nous et nos amis.*" I rather like the *Malignant*. It amuses me as much as the antics of the spiteful and voracious dragons and centipedes that the microscope exhibits in a drop of dirty water. The thing loves dirty water, and draws its life out of it. It always gives me the idea of the greatest possible amount of wickedness and malevolence concentrated in the smallest possible body, and with the smallest possible power for doing any mischief.'

'Is the editor known?'

'Nobody knows the editor,' replied Pamfoozle; 'he is never seen. No respectable person would even look at him, except for curiosity, as I do at the centipede.'

'But the writers must be known?'

'They are too cunning to divulge the secret of their authorship. The literary assassin who stabs you in the back does not wish it to be known that he is the same man who dined with you yesterday, exchanged a genial greeting with you at your club, and once borrowed ten pounds of you that he has never found it convenient to repay.'

'But can the law not put down this trade of slander? for it seems to me something very like a trade, if these people earn their dirty bread by it.'

'O, no,' replied Pamfoozle; 'such things can't be put down by the law. Barataria is so very free a country, that we must allow liberty of opinion even to knaves; and trust that the free opinion of honest men will be strong enough to render the trade of knaves unprofitable.'

'I have read over this thing very carefully,' said I, 'and find that the writers are very savage and unjust to authors, and treat the publication of a book as if it were a penal offence. Do you mean to say that there is no law of libel in Barataria?'

'Plenty of law. If the *Malignant*, or any other journal, were to say of your excellency's

baker, mentioning his name and address, that he sold bad bread; or of your excellency's wine merchant, that he adulterated his drinks, and systematically sold you gooseberry, worth sixpence a bottle, for champagne, for which he charged you six shillings,—the law of libel would catch him with a very hard grip indeed.'

'But is it not as unjust and libellous to say of a writer of good books that he writes bad books?'

'Undoubtedly,' replied Pamfoozle.

'Then why do the authors of Barataria, who seem to me to be very able and meritorious men, not put the law of libel in operation against the *Malignant* and such papers as commit the same injustice, and sue them for heavy damages? Has not an author—say a poet, a novelist, or a historian—the same rights as a baker or a wine merchant?'

'Not exactly,' said Pamfoozle. 'As a man he has his rights like any other, and nobody can call him foul names with impunity; but as an author it is competent for any anonymous knave or jackass to deny him all merit, and hold him up to public scorn as a false pretender. A writer

of books is, in a certain sense, considered by the dogs of criticism *ferœ naturœ*—a wolf that any presumptuous or savage dog or donkey may bite or kick according to his nature.'

'This is a lamentable state of affairs for a great and enlightened country like Barataria,' said I, deeply grieved (for am I not an author myself, known in both hemispheres by my great work, the *Political History of Hunger*, in twenty volumes?); 'and I shall endeavour to discover a remedy before I have been many months longer among you. I should like to assemble the authors to discuss the question.'

'I am afraid they would fight,' said Pamfoozle dryly.

'No, sir,' said I, with a touch of ill-humour; for I looked upon the remark as unworthy of Pamfoozle, and only worthy of the *Malignant*, which he had perhaps studied over much. Besides, the *esprit de corps* was strong within me, when I remembered my own book, the labour of many of the best years of my life; and I considered it a higher glory to be a great author than to be the Governor of Barataria. 'The authors that I shall bring together will

not fight, and, what is more, will not even be jealous of each other. A true man is never jealous of another true man; a successful man likes every other to be as successful as himself; and a poet, worthy to be so called, invariably admires every poet who is as good as himself.'

'True,' said Pamfoozle; 'but then, somehow or other, he never finds, or reads, or knows of such a person.'

'Your experience is not fortunate,' said I.

'Perhaps not,' replied he; 'but when you bring the authors together, I hope I may be there to see.'

We were interrupted at this moment by the entrance of the O'Sullivan Boru, who came to announce that the signers of the petition or memorial number four had arrived by appointment, headed by Silas Meek, Fernando Bosh, and a dozen others.

'Your excellency will make short work of these gentlemen, I am sure,' said Pamfoozle. 'May I remain?'

'I shall be indebted to you, if you will. Let the deputation enter!'

The O'Sullivan Boru retired, and after an

absence of three or four minutes returned, ushering in Silas Meek and his retinue. A very respectable and quiet appearance they each and all presented. They appeared to be elderly, well-to-do, and prosperous citizens; men who could afford to keep consciences and ride hobby-horses, and whose names at the bottom of cheques or any other documents would be looked upon with favourable eyes by every banker, merchant, or lawyer in Barataria. Silas Meek seemed to be as gentle as his name. He was dressed with scrupulous neatness, and wore the purest of white linen. He was at least seventy years of age, and his abundant hair was white as snow. I could not help thinking as I looked upon him that he never could have eaten anything but bread or rice, or drunk anything but milk or spring water. Fernando Bosh was a younger man, with red hair and beard, and gave me the notion, which I could not banish, that his habitual food was *carrots*. An old gentleman, with a jolly red face, and a large paunch covered by a glittering white waistcoat, whose name was not announced, suggested powerfully to my mind the idea of a

diet of *cauliflowers;* while three or four, who had broad unmeaning faces, made me wonder as I looked upon them whether they ever did, could, or would consume anything but turnips. The secretary, a tall thin man, with no stomach to speak of, and a head of straggling and very spare white hair, suggested leeks so forcibly, that I almost fancied the peculiar aroma of that respectable vegetable pervaded his frame, and communicated itself to the atmosphere.

Silas Meek was a fluent orator, and chose his words exceedingly well; but I shall not trouble myself to recapitulate more than the salient points of the very long speech, which he hurled at my defenceless head. He laid it down as an axiom, that the primary duty of a wise government was to prevent offences, not to punish them; to take care that the horse should not be stolen, and not to keep the stable-door shut after the horse had disappeared. He asserted that every man in Barataria who was convicted of any crime, from murder down to petty larceny, was an eater of beef, mutton, pork, or other flesh; and that no man whose sole food was fruit, vegetables, and grain, had ever on any occasion

found himself face to face with the law, or been guilty of the smallest crime against his fellows. He defied all the world to disprove what he called these 'mighty facts.' Basing his argument upon them, he contended that if man ceased to wage war against the brute creation to subdue and eat them, he would after a while, as his nature became gentler, cease to make war against his fellow-men, to subject unwilling nations to his dominion; and urged as a commencement of this greatly needed reform, that no butcher should be allowed to ply what he called his 'savage trade' in Barataria, and that no man, woman, or child, should be allowed to eat flesh of any kind, under any pretence whatsoever. The eating of flesh, he contended, not only produced the moral evils of war, violence, hatred, and all uncharitableness, but the physical evils of diseases in the human system; and that such diseases, coupled with the dissatisfaction of everybody with cheap and wholesome diet, and their unnatural craving for that which was costly as well as detrimental, produced poverty in the individual, and pauperism in the state. Furthermore, he

added that the habitual consumption of flesh produced in the flesh-eater a character similar to that of the animal which he consumed: that the beef-eater became either savage or stolid, that the mutton-eater became silly, the pork-eater filthy in his person, the fish-eater cold-blooded; and that the seeds of all degrees of madness, from lunacy to mania, were introduced into the human stomach, and thence into the blood, along with the blood and fibre of the animals which men and women ate. He called upon me to set a high example to the people of Barataria, whom I was called upon to govern, by publicly announcing my adhesion to the Anti-flesh-eating Society, of which he was the President. As a Christian, as a philanthropist, as a statesman, as a legislator, he adjured me to inaugurate this peaceful, this beautiful reformation; and so hand down my name to the remotest posterity as one among the greatest benefactors, not only of the human race, but of every beast of the field, every bird of the air, and every fish of the sea.

There was a marked sound of approbation, a buzz of applause, from the comfortable and re-

spectable gentlemen of the deputation as Silas Meek wound up with this little peroration.

Fernando Bosh next presented himself, his red hair and beard streaming like fiery meteors in that peaceful place. He had not the fluency of the first speaker, and relied more upon statistics than upon figures of speech to prove his case. He contended that the Baratarian people, addicted to the vice of flesh-eating, consumed each one, upon an average, a pound of beef, mutton, pork, or other animal food per diem. He would, for argument's sake, confine himself to mutton; and if the individual man or woman lived to be seventy years of age, he or she would in that time consume 25,550 pounds of sheep. Taking the average weight of a man or woman in Barataria at twelve stone—or one hundred and sixty-eight pounds—which he did not think was excessive, each Baratarian, in his progress from the cradle to the grave, would eat up, irrespective of bread, vegetables, fruit, and other innocuous food, one hundred and fifty-two times his own weight of mutton. Taking the average consumable portion of a sheep to be forty pounds, it would follow that

in his term of life—if stretched to the allotted three-score years and ten — every Baratarian would eat up no less than six hundred and thirty-eight sheep. Even if ten years were deducted for the period of infancy and childhood, and only sixty years for flesh-eating were allowed, the individual would consume no less than five hundred and forty-eight sheep. 'Only fancy,' said Bosh, 'the feelings of an intelligent, susceptible, imaginative boy of ten years of age, if he were taken into a beautiful green meadow, on a sunny morning, and told to count one hundred sheep and lambs, innocently eating the tender grass, or drawing the sustenance of nature from the teat; if he were told, after he had counted them, that if he lived to be an old man he would not only devour all those hundred gentle creatures, but two hundred, three hundred, four hundred — ay, even five hundred and forty-eight of them!' A murmur of applause stirred the deputation, as a light wind stirs the leaves and branches of trees in a forest.

Pamfoozle winked at me, and I had some difficulty in preventing the smile that crept over my face from exaggerating itself into a

laugh. Bosh went on to describe the delight which would thrill through the frame of the same imaginary boy, if he were shown twenty-five thousand pounds of lovely bunches of grapes, or twenty-five thousand beautiful plum cakes or jam tarts, and perhaps a hundred thousand rosy-cheeked apples, and bushes upon bushes of ripe cherries and gooseberries; and assured that if he were a good man, and kept himself in good health, he should before he died be graciously permitted to consume all these delicacies and dainties, and never know what it was to go mad on the consumption of blood and flesh; nor ever suffer the pangs of gout and other fearful diseases, brought upon the human race by its cruel and savage addiction to animal food. Bosh drew many other pictures for my edification, and wound up his discourse, as his predecessor had done, by a personal appeal to me, to set a great and a glorious example before the eyes of the people of Barataria, and prepare their minds gradually for the reception of the new idea, so that when it became necessary, as it shortly would, to declare the trade or business of the butcher to

be illegal, and the consumption of meat an indictable offence, the law would find the people ready not alone to receive, but to obey it.

Bosh then retired, but not before handing his formidable volume of statistics to Boru, for my study and edification in the hours of leisure, when I required light reading that would recommend itself alike to my imagination and my judgment.

'What would you do with the butchers,' suddenly inquired Pamfoozle, 'if your scheme were carried out? Would you compensate them, at the expense of the people of Barataria, for the loss of their business?'

'Certainly not,' said Bosh emphatically, if not triumphantly. 'Compensate the evil-doer? O no! we would convert them into gardeners.'

The deputation was delighted at this sally; and it seemed to me as if another member or two would seize the opportunity to hold forth. I thought it high time to bring the proceedings to a close. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I admire your principles and your philosophy exceedingly; and only wish that I could see a foundation for them in nature and the laws of the uni-

verse. I love apples—I love turnips—I love potatoes; but I also love beef, well-cooked; also partridges and grouse, and venison, not forgetting salmon and whitebait. Barataria is a free country, gentlemen, and nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand agree with me; and you, the minority, are free in these matters to do exactly as you please. But then you must allow me and others to do as we please. If you were forcibly to deprive us of the beef and mutton which do us good, might we not, being the stronger, deprive you of the carrots and cabbages which do *you* good? Have we not a right to a theory as well as you? Suppose we lay it down as a principle, that he who eats no animal food is a poor weakling, who will rather yield to oppression than resist it, and that it is the interest of the state of Barataria to breed strong men, who will not submit to oppression at home or abroad—shall we not compel you, if we are so disposed, to become beef-eaters, and consequently, as we think, more useful citizens than you are as potato-eaters? And wise as you are, do you think yourselves wiser than the great

Author of Nature? To eat and to be eaten seems to me to be the great and divine law that applies to the whole animal creation. Do not the whale and the shark eat herrings? and if they did not, would not the sea become so thick with that prolific little fish—which I must say I like at breakfast in the shape of a bloater—that no other fishes could swim, and no ships float upon the waters? Does not the swallow consume flies, and the nightingale worms? and is not this arrangement of nature a beneficial one? And I do not think, gentlemen, when you argue in favour of your own individual tastes, to the supposed necessity of imposing them on society, that you have properly studied your Bibles. It seems to me, however, that Nebuchadnezzar did not take to an exclusive diet of grass till he went mad; and though I by no means impute madness to any of you, I think the world will do so, if you once attempt, or recommend the attempt, to make diet the subject of legislation. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind; and if he likes to live upon cabbage, like a slug, by all means let him do so. As for your theory, it is beau-

tiful—it is humane—it is tender, but it won't work on this side of heaven. It does not suit a world in which death is the law of all that lives; and I am not sure, that even the apple and the cabbage, which you eat without compunction, have not quite as much life and feeling in them as the oyster, which you refuse to touch. Nevertheless, as I meant to say at first, I admire your gentleness and humanity, and congratulate you on the possession of a very harmless and poetic hobby. You are all, or look to be, prosperous citizens, whom the world uses well, and who have no real trouble to afflict you. Under such circumstances it is well for men and nations to have something to grumble at. To be too happy is as unwholesome as to be too miserable. Life would be intolerable without a grievance. Your grievance is an amiable one. Keep it to yourselves, gentlemen, and enjoy it.'

The deputation on retiring uttered its opinion of Pamfoozle and myself, by declaring, in the person of more than one of its members, who spoke *sotto voce*, but still audibly enough, that Governor Grimbosh was no better than the

rest, and that old Pamfoozle was much too old and prejudiced to learn anything. Next morning, that great journal the *Daily Oracle* was wise for once, and made merry over the vegetarians, without a word in my disparagement; while on the following Saturday, the *Malignant* fell foul of Silas Meek, Fernando Bosh, and me, in the most extravagant terms, declaring that it did not know which fool of the three was the greatest—they for giving utterance to such preposterous and ridiculous opinions, or I for condescending either to receive or to argue with them.

Clearly there was no pleasing the *Malignant;* but I thought to myself, that possibly some day or other I might tame this wild jackass, by dressing him up in official harness, and giving him a place with little to do and much to receive. But was it worth while? On reflection I thought not; and dismissed the subject from my mind, as unworthy of farther cogitation.

CHAPTER VIII.

I GROW WEARY OF DEPUTATIONS, AND ACCEPT ASSISTANCE.

PAMFOOZLE, the next time I saw him, said in his usual jaunty, airy, and agreeable manner that he had determined to give me a little bit of advice; which he would not have presumed to do, unless he had known beforehand that it would be agreeable. 'I myself,' added he, 'never take advice, if I don't like it; nobody does, though everybody pretends to. In fact, any one who gives advice that he knows will not be taken, is a bore and a humbug. All those people who come to you as deputations are bores and humbugs; and the greater the number of them that you receive, and the more attention you bestow on them, the greater the number that will follow on their heels to plague your life out. It is as unwise to be very

civil and cordial to such people as it would be to anoint yourself with honey to keep away the flies. The craziness of the philanthropists of Barataria is unparalleled under the sun, except, I believe, in Atlantis, where they are even madder than we are, if that be possible. Now, my advice to you is, that you hand over all these deputations to me, to receive or not to receive, to answer or not to answer, as I deem best. I'll soon polish them off, I warrant you.'

Pamfoozle's advice only suited me partially, and I told him so. I particularly desired to receive the deputation of which Sir Pump Handell was the chairman, and Mr. Hyson Potts the secretary, that I might confer with them on the subject of the insane fondness of the male Baratarians for beer, and of the female Baratarians for gin, with a view of devising a remedy for some, if not all, of the frightful evils resulting therefrom. 'This deputation I have already promised to receive,' said I, 'and I will not break my word. But I shall be grateful to you, if you will receive some of the others, and get rid of them by the fair words that

butter no parsneps. But stay, shall we not look over the list together, and confer on what is best to be said, or to be done, or to be left undone; or whether you or I shall say it, or do it, or leave it undone?'

'As your excellency pleases,' said Pamfoozle. 'The first thing to do is to ring for your secretary, and get him to read the papers, ere we proceed to business.'

The O'Sullivan Boru having been summoned, made his appearance forthwith, and having been informed of our purpose, was jocose enough to say that he thought he could manage, though with some difficulty, to bring in all the documents if he were allowed the use of a wheelbarrow, with the exception, however, of Sir Pump Handell's memorial, which would require a cab, if not an omnibus, to itself.

'We will dispense with the wisdom of Sir Pump Handell,' said Pamfoozle. 'His excellency knows all about it. We will also dispense with the wheelbarrow, if a flunkey or two can be found able-bodied enough to shoulder the other papers; and, by the bye, Boru, we shall

want your presence and assistance to take minutes of the proceedings; and as this is likely to be a dry business,' he added, turning to me, 'suppose we have some sherry, or some brandy and soda, and steady our minds by whiffing some of your excellency's choice havanas?'

I was nothing loth; and all the requisite materials having been provided, we proceeded to business. 'Society for the Abolition of War—very good,' said Pamfoozle—'very proper, very amiable—ought to be universal; but what state is to begin to disband its armies, and break up its fleets? Not Barataria, certainly—by no means. It's all very well for the sheep to abolish bloodshed; but what's the good unless the wolves be willing? Suppose we write to the Society of Universal Peace, acknowledge the receipt of its truly Christian memorial, sympathise with their objects, and pass on?'

'Agreed!' said I; 'and that saves one deputation, and a speech from Blethers, and perhaps many others. But what will the worthy Bluff—the gentleman who dined with us—say to this summary treatment of his friends, the

peace-at-any-price party, who turn the second cheek to the smiter, if the first be smitten?'

'Say?' resumed Pamfoozle; 'only that you and I are knaves or fools, or a mixture of the two. Never mind him. What comes next?'

'The petition of the ladies for women's rights. But you've seen the ladies,' said the O'Sullivan Boru.

'And settled them!' said Pamfoozle. 'Proceed with the list.'

'The next is the memorial of Sir Pump Handell and Mr. Hyson Potts, with a cartload of signatures. His excellency has resolved to receive this deputation himself.'

'I wish his excellency joy,' said Pamfoozle. 'I would rather it was he than I. Pass on. What comes next?'

'The cabbage-eaters,' said Boru; 'but they have been disposed of. We next come to a memorial, very numerously signed, praying that measures be taken against the systematic adulteration and poisoning of the food and drink of the people of Barataria.'

'I think I shall talk with these gentlemen myself,' said I. 'I cordially and thoroughly

sympathise in their objects; and think that a murrain of petty fraud and mean swindling has seized upon the retail traders of Barataria. The disease in the body politic is frightful, and must be cured in the present, and prevented in the future. Sharp diseases need sharp remedies; and if my administration of the affairs of Barataria lead to no other result than the prevention or punishment of this huge disgrace and evil, I shall be entitled to a place in history. If a grocer sells sloe-leaves for tea at the price of tea, and puts sand in his sugar, shall he not hang? If a publican puts tobacco-juice or cocculus indicus in his beer, shall he not swing? If a baker puts bone-dust or chalk into his bread, shall not his neck know the weight of his carcass?—I would hang half-a-dozen of such rascals *pour encourager les autres.* And if they were not encouraged, I would nail the ears of a good score of them to their own door-posts, and brand them on the forehead or the cheek with the words "Mean thief," so that all the world might read.'

Pamfoozle's eyes twinkled with fun and mischief as I spoke. 'Don't attempt,' he said, 'too

much, your excellency! Let well alone. Every age has its own vices. The vice of this age, at least in Barataria, is petty swindling; and if this particular vice were prevented, or rendered dangerous or unprofitable, some other vice would break out in some other direction. In some eras assassination is the prevalent distraction and *délassement* of the evil-minded; at others it is highway robbery; at others adultery. There is always some vice or crime a-going; and I don't see that petty cheating is the worst offence that could prevail. Besides, the petty cheats cheat each other. If the grocer poisons the baker, the baker poisons the grocer in his own peculiar fashion. It's all right. And then you must not forget, as the old Baratarian poet says, that the pleasure of being cheated is as great as that of cheating; and that consequently an immense amount of pleasure must be spread over Barataria. Would your excellency stop all that, even if you could? But you can't; and you will only hurt yourself by attempting it. And then there is another great point to be considered. The adulterators and 'shoddyites, and the sellers by false weight and measure in Ba-

rataria are to be numbered by millions. They are all highly respectable people, inasmuch as they pay taxes, and possess votes; and could, if they liked, turn the scale against the government at a general election. To meddle with them overmuch would be impolitic and highly unpopular.'

'Hang popularity!' said I; 'who cares for popularity? Barabbas, the robber, was popular. And was ever a great wise, and good man popular until after his death? The unpopularity of dealing with such rascals shall not stop me from doing my duty as soon as my mind is made up.'

'You can't govern Barataria unless you are popular; at least not for long,' said Pamfoozle. 'This matter does not press. Will you leave these memorialists to me? I'll talk them over, and flatter them and cajole them without compromising your dignity, or getting you into a difficulty.'

'No,' said I; 'I'll consider of it. I feel strongly on this question. But, as you say, it does not press for immediate solution. Acknowledge the receipt of memorial, plead press of business, and promise that the subject shall at

the earliest possible time engage the serious attention of the government. What comes next?'

'The abolition of embassies to foreign nations,' said the O'Sullivan Boru.

'Not to be listened to for a moment,' said Pamfoozle. 'The memorialists must be snubbed, and I'm the man to snub them. If this were acceded to, Barataria would be of no more account in the world than Japan or the Fiji Islands. Abolish ambassadors? I'd rather abolish lawyers!'

'Ah! and if we could,' said I, smacking my lips at the delicious thought, that I could almost feel the flavour of upon my palate, 'that would be indeed a reform, second to none in the history of all humankind. I will do nothing on the subject of the ambassadors until I have cogitated more deeply on the subject of the lawyers. Send a vague answer, and pass on. The abolition of lawyers! Delightful!'

'The ladies, on the subject of breach of promise of marriage, and the punishment thereof.'

'I give that up to Pamfoozle,' said I. 'Proceed.'

'The skilled mechanics and unskilled labourers requesting eight shillings a day, whether or not their employers can afford to pay them, and other advantages, including rose-water for baths.'

'I shall smash those fellows,' said Pamfoozle, 'and there will be no difficulty about it. I shall hurl Adam Smith at their stupid heads, and rout them and confound them, as Samson did the Philistines.'

I smiled.

'With the same weapon, you were going to say,' suggested Pamfoozle. 'Perhaps so; but the execution shall be just and sure, whatever may be the weapon that I shall slay the fools with.'

'No,' said I, 'my dear Pamfoozle; we must deal tenderly and respectfully with the working men. It is very natural they should wish to have eight shillings a day if they can get it.'

'Ay, or eighty,' said Pamfoozle; 'but—'

'But they can't, the more's the pity. I shall talk to these men myself; and prove to them, as kindly as I can, how baseless are their expectations. I'll show them at the same time

how they can make four shillings go as far as eight.'

'As how?' inquired Pamfoozle.

'By the carrying out of my great philanthropic project of educating the women of the poor in the art of cookery; and by the prohibition of marriage in all cases, young or old, rich or poor, where the woman cannot successfully undergo an examination in the elements of this great art, which alone is held sufficient by all philosophers to prove the superiority of man to the brute creation.'

'All very fine,' said Pamfoozle; 'you might prevent legal marriage; but could you prevent the coming together of the sexes without legal sanction? The art of cookery is all very well; but the art of government is more difficult, and one of its elementary principles is this: "Never attempt too much, and never attempt that which you cannot perform."'

'These are antiquated notions,' said I, 'with all deference to your ripe and matured wisdom. I insist that reform and progress would have been impossible in this world, if statesmen had always acted on such a stand-still principle as that.'

'It is the business of statesmanship to stand still until it is pushed,' replied Pamfoozle. 'A revolutionary statesman is a madman. A true statesman should take many things for granted, and not originate schemes, or projects, or ideas. It ought to be sufficient for him to yield to new ideas at the right moment, and not the fraction of a moment before. What is a new idea? A something that may be a total delusion. A fool might have the idea, new to his mind, that the explosion of a gunpowder magazine would be a beautiful sight—as doubtless it would, if you were at a safe distance, and could look on without alarm for the safety of your own limbs and eyes; but is a wise man to encourage the very bright idea of a fool like this? Bother the new ideas! When they live to become old ones, it is quite time enough for practical men to have anything to do with them.'

'Well,' I replied, 'there may be some little modicum of truth in what you say, and I will think it over. But the cookery question is greater than you imagine; and I shall, with your permission, receive the working men myself, deal with them in my own way, and talk

to them about their wives. No good can be done without woman's assistance. What comes next in the list?'

'A prayer from certain strong-minded and dissatisfied ladies,' replied the O'Sullivan Boru, 'to the effect that divorces in Barataria shall cost no more than half-a-crown, and shall be obtainable from a justice of the peace at five minutes' notice.'

'Will *you* see these ladies?' I inquired of Pamfoozle.

'Cheerfully,' he replied, 'and convince them, as a Baratarian statesman once said, that reciprocity must not be all on one side, and that sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.'

'The next on my list,' said Boru, 'are the gentlemen who protest against the use of tobacco.'

'You may snub *them*,' I said to Pamfoozle. 'You and I are free to smoke; they are free to abstain from smoking. What more do they want?'

'Only to tyrannise over other people,' replied Pamfoozle. 'All your great regenerators of mankind are despots, and like the Inquisition

in old days, would cheerfully, and for the glory of God and their own satisfaction, burn, drown, hang, or quarter everybody who did not choose to go to heaven in the way they chalked out for them. Besides, if the people can do without tobacco, Barataria can't'

'Why not?' said I.

'Ask your purse-bearer, your Chancellor of the Exchequer—I have not filled the office, but I know all about it—and he will tell you that the duty levied upon tobacco in Barataria puts into the pocket of the government the tidy little sum of six millions. Never was there a more comfortable tax. Nobody feels it; and if anybody dislikes it, he has only to cease paying it by ceasing to snuff, to chew, or to smoke, as the case may be. I'll take another havana from your excellency. They are very good. Thank you.—Get on, Boru!'

'There is but one more on my present list,' replied the secretary—'a plan for the establishment of society on the model of a beehive, and the annual or periodical extinction of the drones.'

'Meaning such as you and me, Boru, and

his excellency,' said Pamfoozle, 'and the bishops, and the lawyers, and the rich old fogies, and the beautiful young girls of Barataria! Asses! as if nobody worked but the so-called workmen! I do more work in a day—headwork, the most valuable work of all—than any score of them! I don't think I would do more with such idiots than acknowledge curtly the receipt of their communication. What thinks his excellency?'

'His excellency leaves this to the wise Pamfoozle, to deal with them as he thinks proper.'

'Would that I could!' said Pamfoozle, 'and the world would see a sight! But no matter!—Life is too short even for thinking of drivel and trash like this, though, if I had my will of such bees, and there were many of them, and it were worth my while to go to the needful expense for brimstone, I would smother them in their hives with a vengeance.'

I had never known Pamfoozle to be so angry before, or to depart so widely from his favourite character of pococurante. He appeared to notice that I looked somewhat surprised at his vehemence, and said suddenly, 'I shall, with

your excellency's permission, see these asses, and have some fun with them, or out of them. What say you?'

'As you please; and send them all to Bedlam, if it be practicable or legal to do so. Don't spare them on my account.'

Thus our conference terminated. I resolved to see two out of the remaining deputations, and to ease my conscience on the cookery question, as regarded the wives of labourers and mechanics, and the beer and gin question, as regarded the morals, the health, and the happiness of the whole people. Pamfoozle was not to rule me exclusively. He was all very well in his way—an excellent public servant—sound in the main, but antiquated, and not to be trusted with the weighty matters of a social regeneration.

CHAPTER IX.

I INVITE THE AUTHORS OF BARATARIA TO MEET THE STATESMEN, WITH A VIEW TO THEIR MUTUAL BENEFIT.

'WHO and what is an author?' I said to myself one morning, after I had arranged with my excellent wife, the Duchess, to invite the principal authors of Barataria to a grand banquet, to meet Pamfoozle, Bamboozle, Benoni, and all the leading statesmen of the time. 'Yes,' I repeated, 'what is an author? An author, it seems to me, must be a creator, an originator, a maker, as the Greeks called the poets. If such be a true definition, he who merely passes his opinions on the political or other events of the time, such as the writer of leading articles for the *Daily Oracle* and other newspapers, is not an author; neither is the professional critic, who makes it his business to praise or to damn the performances of other people in the *Proser* or the *Malignant*. I do not care to make the acquaintance of any of them. They are no more authors than the wind

is. What is a critic? One who sits in judgment. Any fool can sit in judgment, but it does not follow that his judgment is worth a straw, either in law or equity. An ass may bray at Homer; a snail may crawl over the face of a marble Venus; and the *cimex lectularius* may get between the sheets of the Grand Llama of Pumpernickel; and Homer, Venus, and the Grand Llama may be none the worse for the indignity.'

I was cogitating thus, remembering the unjust and indeed savage treatment which my great work in twenty volumes, on the *Political History of Hunger*, had received at the hands of the critics of Pumpernickel, and resolving to have nothing to do with the same tribe in Barataria, when Benoni was announced.

The very man I wanted to see. A great author himself, one of the solidest links in all Barataria between the man of letters and the man of government. I had a great respect for Benoni, and was always glad of an opportunity of talking to him; a man not only of mark, but of merit, and who, as I have already said, had made himself what he was in spite of a thousand difficulties,

any dozen of which might have kept down a less buoyant spirit and a less persistent will. I received him with all the cordiality of my nature when it meets with a congenial spirit, and forthwith opened my mind on the subject of the authors, and what batches or parties of them I should successively invite to dinner, as well as of the possibility, feasibility, and expediency of inviting them to a share in the Government.

'Our first matter,' said Benoni, 'is one of no difficulty. Great authors are always good fellows. It is only your little trumpery false pretenders to authorship, eaten up with conceit and jealousy, who are disagreeable. I like authors myself. When among one another, I, knowing that they are brought together to enjoy themselves, and not to make sport for rich and vulgar Philistines who invite them, and poorer and still more vulgar Philistines who come to the rich Philistine's table to be amused at feeding time, there is no society in the world so enviable, or at all events so much to my mind, as that of the intellectual Samsons—I mean the authors—who have made their mark and impressed their thoughts on the mind of the age.'

'You express my sentiments exactly,' said I. 'It is my opinion also that authors of the class you mention are the real aristocracy of a nation, and that they should be called upon to take a proper share in the administration of public business. The man of the highest genius is always a man with the highest possible aptitude for public and private affairs. Take, for instance, Shakespeare and Goethe. It is a delusion and a prejudice to suppose, as the Baratarians do, that a man who writes poetry of the highest order is unfit to be trusted with anything but the writing of poetry. Whence do statesmen derive their maxims of wisdom, if not from the authors of their [illegible]tion—the philosophers, the poets, the mora[illegible], the historians? And I am glad in coming to Barataria to learn that such eminent men of letters as yourself, Bamboozle, and Hooly, have at different times been summoned to take part in the deliberations of the Government, and have held high office in the State.'

'Your excellency is right in the fact, but wrong in the reasoning,' replied Benoni. 'Bamboozle and Hooly are only amateurs in literature, and owe no portion of their political status to the

fact that they are ripe scholars and have made excellent translations from the Greek. As for me, though I am proud of being an author by profession, I have found my addiction to literature an impediment and obstruction in my political path. I have become what I am not by the aid of my literary reputation, but in spite of it. The truth is, the Baratarians are so practical, so solid, and, I may say, so stolid a people, that the possession by a man of any perceptible degree of fancy and imagination acts adversely to his interests if he attempts to gain their favour. There is nothing like bread, beef, and beer for building up the body of a Baratarian; and his intellect partakes of the character of his di[illegible]. The Baratarians may admire a literary man [illegible]o instructs them, but they don't read or buy his books. They appreciate humour and a heavy kind of fun, but not wit. Buffoonery, in short, which makes them laugh or grin, is what is more to their taste in the literary men whom they most delight to honour. I fancy that it is not this kind of writers whom your excellency desires to invite to dinner.'

'I have a great objection,' I replied, 'to men,

whether authors or not, who are always on the look-out to extort a laugh; fellows who make it their business to be funny, and who pump out their fun by painful efforts: such are a grievance in my sight.'

'And in mine,' said Benoni. 'Let us see whom your excellency shall invite. A couple of historians, a couple of novelists, a couple of poets, a couple of travellers, a couple of metaphysicians, a couple of philologists, and a couple of critics.'

'No critics,' I said: 'I object to the race; unless they are men who have justified their right to act as critics by the production of better works than those on which they sit in judgment; men who would rather discover a hidden beauty than gloat over an obvious defect; and who never forget that the duty and privilege of criticism is the encouragement of genius. But your critic who exclaims, "O, that mine enemy would write a book!" and considers the writing of a book to be an act of personal hostility against himself, shall not sit at my table, drink my wine, and shake hands with me, if I know it.'

'I can find you some critics in Barataria,' replied Benoni, 'who have won their knightly spurs

in the full and open tournament of letters, and can hold up their heads with the greatest and proudest of authors. There may not be many such, but there are some. What does your excellency, on reconsideration, say to my seven couples —historians, novelists, poets, travellers, metaphysicians, philologists, and critics?'

'I don't much care for the metaphysicians or philologists. I have always found them to be bores. For the metaphysicians, suppose we substitute writers on natural history—a delightful science; and for the philologists, two writers of plays?'

'There are no writers of plays in Barataria. Plays are a foreign commodity, imported free of duty,' said Benoni. 'But if you don't like philologists, what do you say to theologians?'

'Worse and worse! I will put up with the philologists, for they speak at all events of what they know, and the theologians don't. But yet, on reconsideration, why should I divide the authors into their kinds, as if they were beasts entering Noah's Ark? And perhaps one or both of the poets will not be able to come, or one or both of the novelists, and so on. Better, I think,

to ask a sufficient number at random, and trust to chance for the ultimate character of the assemblage.'

'Your excellency is right. Put the names of a hundred of them in a hat, stir the cards about, and invite the first twenty that come to hand. So you shall show no favour and do no injustice.'

And the dinner was ultimately arranged on this principle, with the addition of Benoni, Bamboozle, Hooly, and Pamfoozle, who were to be present in the capacity of statesmen and politicians, not authors. Benoni was urgent in insisting upon the importance of making the invitations private; for if the least idea of a public or state celebration got abroad, he was certain that at least a thousand ready writers, male and female, would expect to be asked, and that every one omitted would consider him or her self ill-used, if he or she did not become my mortal enemy. Benoni appeared to know the craft, and I took his advice.

'Write me a hundred names,' said I, 'to be submitted to this lottery.'

'I would rather not,' he replied. 'Let The O'Sullivan Boru, your private secretary, do it

for you. It will not hurt *him*, if it ever should come to be known on what principle you acted in this business (it is exceedingly difficult to keep anything private in Barataria), while it might possibly hurt *me*.'

The O'Sullivan Boru was nowise loth, and wrote down on separate pieces of paper, which he carefully folded, the names of all the celebrated authors he could think of, including historians, biographers, essayists, novelists, travellers, moral philosophers, political economists, reviewers, and versifiers (he would not admit that there were any poets except one, whose name he would not mention; but I afterwards learned that he had published a book of poems himself). He placed all the names in a hat; and at my request my dear wife, the Duchess de Grimbosh, graciously consented to draw forth the twenty, one at a time, while Benoni, Boru, and I looked on.

The first name drawn was Buffer.

'Who is Buffer?' I inquired.

'Author of *Solomon Redivivus*, one of the most popular writers of the day, inoffensive in the highest degree, and a mighty favourite with the ladies, both young and old,' said Benoni.

The next was Bubble, but I spare the exact words, and repeat only the general meaning, both of Benoni and the O'Sullivan, in describing this and the other gentlemen whose names came forth from the urn—I mean the hat.

Bubble: a great musical and dramatic critic, inclined to be good-natured.

Squeak: also a musical, dramatic, and literary critic, *not* inclined to be good-natured.

Rattle: the most popular novelist in Barataria; a philanthropist and humorist, and the delight of all circles.

Tattle: another novelist, almost as popular, but more cynical, and a greater favourite with the old and disappointed than with the young and hopeful.

Foison: who had written about a hundred books, none particularly good or bad.

Geason: who had written but one book, and never intended to write another.

Honeymilk: author of *Cormoran*, and several other volumes of poems; almost as popular as Buffer, especially with the young ladies, but not quite so much to the taste of the old women.

Simple: author of the epic poem of *Melchi-*

zedek; a worthy. man, quite reconciled to the present neglect of the public by the consciousness of future fame, which however does nothing for his baker, his butcher, and his tailor. But he cares not for these. He is, as he says, a marvel and a mystery.

Sparkle: the greatest wit of the age; a man who neither prepares, nor afterwards remembers, his own good sayings, and every hair of whose head seems to be an electric wire for discharging flashes of thought, in which it is difficult to say whether the wit or the wisdom is predominant.

Shelty: editor of the *Morning Oracle*, a mountain of learning as well as of kind-heartedness, and the friend of literary merit wherever he can discover it.

Whiggum: the great historian and critic, and a statesman and orator as well as an author.

Twisty: a man who holds the readiest pen in Barataria, and who will write anything, from a dictionary, a sermon, a treatise on political economy, or the differential calculus, down to a farce or a street ballad. Never takes more than a week for a volume.

Ploddy: the Shakespearean commentator, who has discovered no less than three different readings in the plays of the great author, unsuspected by any one before; and who builds his fame and his importance on the fact.

Wordy: the novelist. High up in the second rank. Has written fifty novels, and promises, that is to say, threatens to write a hundred more.

Slipslop: another novelist, who follows in the track of Wordy, and who thinks he can excel him in quality and overpass him in quantity.

Gumpaste: a manufacturer of books, who turns them out of his literary oven as fast as a baker turns out quartern loaves.

Misty: a poet who thinks that the more unintelligible a poem is to ordinary minds, the better its chance of appreciation by the intelligent public in the present and the future.

Carney: a man of genius; a poet who writes well, and will write better whenever he learns that the soul is nobler than the body.

Cooker: the sledge-hammer critic, who will not allow that any one possesses wit, wisdom, or merit, except himself. In his own estimation he can make or mar the fortunes of any author

whatever. In the estimation of the people interested, he can do neither.

'A very heterogeneous assemblage,' said Benoni, 'a perfect menagerie of irreconcileable beasts, if they all come.'

They all came. They were of all ages and sizes—from thirty to seventy, from ten stone weight to twenty, from five feet eight to six feet four—and gave me a very favourable impression of the men of Barataria. They seemed to be smitten with considerable surprise, when they were all assembled in the anteroom preparatory to dinner, and the few who first arrived looked with undisguised curiosity upon each new-comer as his name was loudly announced by Toole. Cooker was the last to come, and kept the dinner waiting several minutes, which I was told he did on purpose, in order that he might excite the more attention when he made his appearance. He was a sallow, indeed tallow-faced man, considerably beyond the sunny side of five-and-sixty; had a libidinous leer in his eye, a cynical curl on his lip, a haughty perkiness on the tip of his nose, and over all his frame a luminous glow of conceit and assumption. I was informed by

Pamfoozle that a wit combat between Sparkle and Cooker was better than the best play ever put upon the stage; but that Cooker had been so often discomfited, routed, and morally and intellectually slain by the dashing and careless Sparkle, as to have become rather shy of accepting, much more of provoking, an encounter. The pair shook hands, however, very cordially, but I remarked that after the first interchange of ordinary courtesies, they spoke no more together.

The company included the four statesmen, the twenty authors, my chaplain, my private secretary, and myself—twenty-seven in all. This number was rather too many for sociability or true conviviality. The result was, that the guests broke up into little knots and coteries with their neighbours, and that conversation did not become general. In other respects the dinner was successful enough: the cookery reflected glory on the *chef*, the wines were of the *premiers crus*, and the whole party were in good humour. Pamfoozle sat on my right, and Bamboozle on my left, and both of them contributed greatly to my amusement, by the *sotto voce* remarks which they made upon the company. I asked Bamboozle

whom he considered the most remarkable writer present.

'Rattle,' he replied, 'beyond all comparison. He is never dull, writes in a style which is wholly his own, and keeps the public of Barataria on the broad grin from one end of the year to the other. His characters are all more or less grotesque and extravagant, without being unnatural. You laugh with his personages, you laugh at them; and if he wishes you to hate or to despise any of them, you must do his bidding. His pathos partakes of the character of his fun, and in his wildest humour he is suggestive of a clown in a pantomime, playing antics while his heart, may be, is breaking with some secret grief. And yet there is something vulgar about him. No matter. He is as he is, and there never was another writer like him. And I must not omit to add, that his morality is as sound as his politics are mistaken.'

'And what about Whiggum?'

'O, Whiggum! he's a great talker. Don't let us start him, for heaven's sake. If he once begins, he rolls on like a cataract, and never stops even to cough or to blow his nose. He is a

brilliant writer, and would be an excellent historian, if he could be depended upon for his facts, or agreed with in his arguments.'

'Tattle is a fine and remarkable-looking man, almost a giant in stature,' said I.

'He has a large public who believe in him; but not so large as Rattle. On the whole, *I* prefer Tattle to Rattle. I like the flavour of olives, and pickles, and curry, and caviare; and I find the moral representatives of these relishes in Tattle's writings. His cynicism is as delightful as the *soupçon d'ail* in cookery, and is never so strong as to become offensive. I think, if he were not an author, that he would make an excellent ambassador.'

'Can he not be both?' inquired I.

'O no, not in Barataria,' said Bamboozle quickly, 'that would never do. An ambassador may become an author, if he pleases—though it would be better he should not—but an author never can become an ambassador on the strength of his authorship. Such things happen in the great Republic of Atlantis; but in Barataria, he who is merely an author and lives by his pen is seldom allowed a chance of public employment.'

'But I shall endeavour to remedy this crying injustice,' said I, 'this error, this mistake, this impolicy.'

'I don't think you'll succeed: ask Pamfoozle; we're on opposite sides, but we agree in some things, and I think he'll agree with me in this, that authors ought to be kept to authorship, for the sake of the public whom they amuse or instruct, and for the sake of the language, which they either improve or help to maintain in its purity. The cobbler to his last, the statesman to his craft, the author to his study. Ask Pamfoozle.'

Pamfoozle agreed, as regarded the popular author, that the best thing he could do was, as he phrased it, to 'stick to his authorship.'

'But how about the authors whose writings are too good, too high, too full of learning, to be comprehensible to the multitude, or that treat of matters in which the public takes little or no interest, but which are nevertheless of value to the community, and may be priceless in a future age? Shall they stick to authorship?'

'Yes, if they find a pleasure in it,' said Pamfoozle. 'If not, they can take to something else.'

'And let the world lose the fruit of their genius and wisdom? And suppose they cannot, from age or bent of mind, take to anything else?'

'That is their affair. If there are more tailors in a town than the town requires, some of the tailors, if they want to live, must go elsewhere, or change their business. The same rule applies to authors.'

'No,' said I, with some warmth, if not indignation, 'it does not. The state is, or ought to be, wiser than the public, and foster the genius which is uncommercial, provided always that the genius *be* genius, and that it be devoted to pure, elevating, and ennobling purposes. The people did not want John Milton to write *Paradise Lost*, and a publisher scarcely gave him, for the labour of years, as much as would purchase a week's subsistence; but if he had forsaken literature and taken to tailoring or shoemaking, as you seem to recommend, would not John Milton's country have lost that which has since become an imperishable treasure?'

'No doubt,' said Pamfoozle; 'but that proves nothing. If *Paradise Lost* had never been writ-

ten, nobody would have been the worse, because nobody would have known the want of it.'

I found myself growing impatient, and in danger of losing my temper; so I confined myself to remarking, with as much coolness as I could assume, that I intended to make a change in these matters in Barataria, and to elevate Literature into the highest of all the professions: above Law, above Medicine, above the Army, above the Navy, and if not superior to, at least the equal of, the Church.

Pamfoozle winked at Bamboozle. Bamboozle returned the sign, and I came to the conclusion that I should have no assistance from either of these gentlemen in the great scheme which I contemplated. I thought I should find Benoni more open to the reception of new and great ideas; and after the guests had sat long enough over the wine, and had retired into the billiard-room to cognac-and-seltzer and the inevitable cigar, I took the opportunity of unfolding to him, to Sparkle, to Whiggum, to Tattle, to Cooker, and others who gathered around, that I meditated the establishment of a great Baratarian Academy or Senate of Lite-

rature, which should consist of one hundred members.

'By whom nominated?' asked Cooker. I thought I saw a sneer on his face.

'By me, in the first place; at least, the first ten of them,' I replied. 'The ten to elect another ten; the twenty to elect another ten; the thirty to elect a fourth batch, and the forty a fifth, and so on, until the whole hundred were got together. I think we should thus arrive at the *crême de la crême* of Baratarian literature.'

'I don't think so,' said Cooker. 'The distilled essence of venom, rather than cream, would best designate the result.'

'Let his excellency proceed with his explanation,' said Benoni. 'I like the idea, though I foresee the usual difficulty; *le premier pas qui cqûte.*'

'For the meeting of these gentlemen for daily intercourse, as well as for public celebrations at certain times and seasons, I would build a new wing to the Baratarian Museum, and lodge them handsomely. On each I would confer the cross of a new order of literary merit, and an allowance of a certain sum per annum as a reward for work

already done, and to enable them, as peers of Literature, to maintain the dignity of their station. If the state of Barataria required any literary work to be undertaken—such as an inquiry for public purposes into the moral and physical condition of the people or any class of the people; into the operation of any particular law upon their well-being; into the state of manufactures, agriculture, the fisheries, and any other source of national wealth; or if the state wanted similar inquiries to be conducted in foreign countries, for the purposes of comparison with Barataria—I would intrust the work to my literary Senate, which should be authorised to depute such of its members as it deemed most competent for the task, to undertake it. When any such inquiry was completed, the results should be submitted to the whole Senate for revision, and finally published with its sanction; by which means the results would come before the world with an amount of authority sufficient to command attention, respect, and confidence. And above all, gentlemen, I would intrust to my Senate the compilation of a comprehensive, and in fact a grand and exhaustive, etymological dictionary

of the Baratarian language. For all these useful and necessary labours I should pay the members liberally, in addition to the pensions attached to the senatorship; and by this means enable such of them as wanted to write books that no one would buy, but that might, nevertheless, do honour to literature and to Barataria, to give full play and scope to their genius, without running the risk of penury or a prison.'

Many more of the company than those to whom I first addressed myself had gathered around me as I spoke; and when I had concluded began to make remarks upon it, which I jot down as I remember them.

'A huge job!' said Cooker.

'Rot!' said Pamfoozle.

'A dismal failure!' said Wordy.

'Bosh!' said Bamboozle.

'A noble project!' said Simple.

'A laudable undertaking!' said Gumpaste.

'Brilliant as fireworks, and as idle!' said Bubble.

'In the words of the wise there is wisdom!' said Buffer.

'The inchoate germ of a good thing!' said Misty.

'A splendid piece of pavement for the lower regions!' said Whiggum.

'Ought to be tried!' said Shelty.

'Might answer under a despotic autocrat, but would never do in a free country!' said Squeak.

'I should like to be one of the hundred!' said Twisty.

'And I,' said Sparkle; 'but I should attend the meetings armed.'

'The idea is noble and generous, and, to my mind, difficult, but not impossible of realisation,' said Hooly. 'I think his excellency deserves our gratitude for suggesting it. I think also that if made public, and debated, and considered in the press and in society, something might come of it in a hundred years from this time, though probably not quite so soon.'

All things considered, I was pleased with my literary friends; and resolved, on an early occasion, to bring together another collection of them.

CHAPTER X.

I LECTURE THE SO-CALLED 'WORKING CLASSES.' THEY DON'T LIKE IT.

As I had resolved to receive a deputation of the working classes of Barataria, or of the people who called themselves working men, and who had sent me the memorial in favour of eight hours' work, eight hours' play, eight hours' sleep, eight shillings a day, and rose-water baths, I instructed Boru to open a correspondence with the signers thereof, requesting them to select not more than seven of their number, representatives each of a different trade, to confer with me on the points in question, and such others as might grow out of our discussion. After a delay of a fortnight, during which time it appeared the working men had had some angry debates among themselves as to the seven who should be chosen, and as to the trades they should represent, a list of the deputation as finally agreed upon was sent to Boru, and by him submitted to my inspection.

It contained the names of Bodgers and Todgers, Looney and Mooney, Bussell and Tussell, and Bounce to make up the seventh. Bodgers was a shoemaker, Todgers a tailor, Looney a bricklayer, Mooney a carpenter, Bussell a painter, Tussell a printer, and Bounce an engineer. As I had myself fixed the number at seven, I could not very well complain of any omissions, though I could have wished that the agricultural labourers and gardeners had sent a man to detail their grievances, if they had any; and that the cooks, a very important body in my estimation, had been represented by a master of the art and mystery [which is no great mystery after all] of the wholesome, economical, and savoury preparations of animal and vegetable food. When the deputation was ushered into my presence by Boru, I was pleased to see such sturdy representatives of the men of Barataria—the *élite,* I supposed, of their class—and particularly with Bounce, who I afterwards discovered was to be their main spokesman. Bounce was a man of about fifty years of age, had a ruddy complexion, clear gray eyes, a prominent nose—always a good sign of a large brain—a high forehead, to which baldness

contributed an appearance of extra height which did not belong to it, a confident manner, and a ready command of language. Mooney, the carpenter, looked as if he smelt of gin and tobacco, though he was not near enough to me to convince my olfactory nerves as powerfully as he had convinced my eyes. Over Todgers, the tailor, there hung a similar suspicion in my mind. The others presented nothing very remarkable, but seemed to be fair specimens of men who, whatever their trade, business, or profession, would have worked themselves up into authority in it. I took the initiative in the proceedings, for I wanted to let them know that my ideas on the subject of work and the working classes were wider than theirs, and to clear away some misconceptions which seemed to possess their minds, before we proceeded to the discussion of the demands which they proposed to make upon the state of Barataria.

'Gentlemen,' said I, 'let us understand each other. I am glad that you visit me as working men, and glad to receive you as men who labour honestly with their hands for their daily bread; but I cannot recognise you as representatives of all the working classes of Barataria. You are

artificers and labourers, skilled or unskilled workmen; but you are not deputed to come to me by all the real working classes of this republic. It is a mistake to suppose that those who work with their hands are the workers *par excellence*, and that those who work with their intellect or their brains have not as much right to thrust themselves forward as representatives of the working classes as you have. Doth not a physician work? Doth not a surgeon work? Doth not a barrister work? Doth not an attorney work? Doth not an architect work? Doth not a merchant work? Doth not a poet work? Doth not an author of good books work? Doth not a statesman work? And do not I, Herman Grimbosh, Doctor of Philosophy, and Governor of Barataria, work? and work uncommonly hard *too*? And is not our work as good as yours? Answer me those questions.'

'No doubt,' said Bounce, with an autocratic wave of his hand, as if the question were not worth entertaining. 'People can work with their heads as well as with their hands; but such people can take care of themselves, and do. We don't represent them, and don't want to; we only speak on

behalf of labourers and artisans, who are ground down to the dust by capitalists and professional men, and don't intend to be ground down any longer.'

'We shall come to your intentions by and by,' I replied. 'And you will find in me the friend of the artisans and labourers of Barataria. But you must speak as such, and describe yourselves as such, if our interview is to be satisfactory either to you or to me.'

'I think his excellency is right,' said Bodgers the shoemaker. 'We are not the working classes, but only a portion of the working classes; and the name has been given to us, not by ourselves, but by the newspapers: we are labourers, mechanics, and artisans—nothing more, nothing less.'

'Sir,' said I, addressing myself to Bodgers, 'in that character I receive you, and shall be happy to talk to you; and do not think I undervalue you because you are labourers, mechanics, and artisans—nothing more, nothing less. Every handicraft that is useful is respectable, and the world could not prosper or get on comfortably without all of you. Do you *mend* shoes as well as make them, Mr. Bodgers?'

'I do; I shall be happy to mend for your excellency.'

'Your craft is a very intellectual as well as useful one. Cobbling is not only an art but a profession. *I* am a cobbler; so is every king, emperor, president, governor, statesman, and lawmaker in every country in the world. Statesmanship, or the art of government, is but cobbling at the best, and sometimes very bad cobbling too.'

Bodgers laughed, as did the rest of the deputation, with the exception of Bounce.

'Tailoring, too, is a noble art,' I said, turning to Todgers, 'and the most ancient in the world, except gardening, both of which originated in Paradise. I wish you had brought a gardener along with you; and should like to know why, in your agitation for an improvement in your own condition and that of labourers generally, you do not invite the coöperation of the agricultural classes: the ploughmen, the hedgers, the ditchers, and the shepherds.'

'Ours is a town and city organisation,' said Bounce, in a tone both of authority and impatience. 'We have nothing to do with country bumpkins, as is too ignorant to unite, even with

themselves, for mutual advantage, let alone with us. We consider the agricultural labourers of Barataria to be no better than slaves, and the worst kind of slaves (because they are willing and uncomplaining), to capital and the aristocracy, and not fit, in their present state of ignorance and stupidity, to row in the same boat with the skilled mechanics. But we don't come here to talk to your excellency of *them;* we come to explain our own wants and wishes, and not to speak about clodhoppers, of whom we know nothing.'

'Very well,' said I; 'leave the clodhoppers alone, and we will proceed to business and to the examination of the five points on which you have expatiated in the memorial which you have addressed to me—namely, the four eights and the rose-water bath. First of all, let me tell you frankly and unreservedly, that I think your distribution of the twenty-four hours of the day into three equal parts—one for work, one for play, and one for sleep—is an excellent, but not by any means a novel, idea. I think I have read of it among the Greeks. If a man do eight hours of honest work daily—I mean strictly honest work—and as much—not as little—as he can possibly

perform in the time, he is entitled to dispose of the other sixteen hours as he pleases; and in my opinion cannot do better than devote one half to sleep and the other half to rational amusement, or such study as pleases him, and the society and conversation of his friends or his family. Touching the eight shillings, which are the wages you consider equitable for the eight hours' work which you are inclined to do, I see no objection to your receiving it, provided you can get anybody to give it to you. If the labour be worth the money, it will be yours; if not worth the money, not all the fleets and armies of Barataria could conquer it for you. But why eight shillings? Why not nine, ten, or eighteen! That you put forward such a demand proves that you have not studied—or, if you have studied, that you do not understand—the great economic laws that govern trade, commerce, society, and the whole universe. Out of nothing nothing comes. This is an old, a very old adage, which I do not think you can have taken to heart. The man who directs a great establishment, and employs, let me say, one hundred, two hundred, or five hundred men, must reserve and receive something for him-

self out of the profits of his business. He must live as well as his work-people. He must bring up his family, he must pay rent and taxes; he must repair his machinery, or replace it when it is worn out; he must run the risk of bad debts and other contingencies; and if, when all these things are calculated to a penny, he finds he cannot afford to pay his one hundred, his two hundred, or his five hundred men more than six shillings a day, whence is he to procure the extra two shillings to make up the eight, which you seem to consider your right?'

'From the government,' said Bounce.

'From the government? Very well. And where is the government to get the money? The government has no private fortune, and if it had, the fortune would not last long, if expended unproductively. You must know,—an intelligent body of working men like you—and my friend, if he will permit me to call him so, Mr. Bodgers, the shoemaker and cobbler, will agree, I am sure, with what I say—that no government in any state or time has had, or can have, any money but such as it extracts from the willing or unwilling pockets of the people.'

'Unwilling,' said Bodgers.

'*Most* unwilling,' said Bounce.

'That being conceded, whence would the money come to supplement the five or six shillings that the employer of labour could afford to pay his workpeople without bankruptcy and ruin, except from the whole people, inclusive of the workmen themselves? And how would it benefit the working people, I should like to know, if the state were with one hand to make up the difference between six and eight shillings a day, and with the other hand to take away two, and possibly three, shillings as their share of the taxation, necessary to support this extravagant and profitless outlay? Gentlemen, I wish with all my heart that each of you received eight shillings a day, and hope you may get it. Try, by all means; and if failure be the result, bear the failure with philosophical equanimity, and make the best use of such wage as the inexorable necessities of trade and commerce will allow. As for the fifth point, rose-water baths for the working classes, to be provided by the government, I can only say, that if such luxuries are established, I, as one of the working classes, must

claim the privilege to enjoy them. So must the doctors, lawyers, bishops, merchants, statesmen, clerks, authors, musicians, sculptors, painters, play-actors, and all the rest of us, who do something either for the reward of bread or the reward of honour and glory. And then comes the question of expense, together with other little business details, which will recommend themselves to the study of such business men as you all are. A plain bath of cold or warm water is good enough for me, and I think, if I want anything better, I ought to pay for it. I am also of opinion that if you, gentlemen, want rose-water baths, you also should pay for them, or go without. And this brings me to what I consider—excuse my plain-speaking—the great fault and vice of your class, your constant demand that wealthier people or the government should do on your behalf what you ought to do for yourselves. I suppose I do not exaggerate when I say, that there are at least two millions of handicraftsmen, labourers, mechanics, and skilled or unskilled workmen in Barataria?'

'At least,' said the cobbler.

'Let me speak,' interposed Bounce, with an indignant look towards Bodgers; who returned

his glare unabashed. 'There are nearer three millions than two; and, including their wives and families, from six to seven millions.'

'Take the adult males at two millions,' I continued, looking towards Bodgers, and not to Bounce; 'and consider what a sum of money might be annually saved, if every one of these, without exception, would deprive himself, once every week, of the pint of beer which he daily allows himself. I only stipulate for the self-denial to the extent of one pint out of seven; and some of you, I know, drink a quart a day, and a great deal more.'

'No, no!' said Bounce.

'Yes, yes!' said Bodgers and Todgers, and Mooney and Looney.

'Well, I think I am moderate in asking but for the one pint a week, costing 2*d.*, which in the year would amount to 8*s.* 8*d.* per man; multiply 8*s.* 8*d.* by 2,000,000, and you would have the handsome sum of 208,000,000 of pence, or 866,666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* per annum, as a fund for the permanent benefit of the working people, either for the establishment of rose-water baths, or for any better purpose. In six years your capital,

gentlemen, would amount to the magnificent sum of 5,200,000*l.* sterling. After that consummation had been reached, who would be the bloated capitalists? You yourselves, I think, would be the most bloated of all the capitalists in Barataria; and might inaugurate and complete countless well-considered schemes for the permanent elevation of your class, and of one another; and cease to ask government to do that for you which governments are utterly incompetent and powerless to perform.'

'Your excellency forgets the difficulty of unanimity,' said Bounce. 'It has been said that in some beds, if the fleas were unanimous, they could turn a man upon the floor, and afterwards drag him out of the room and pitch him downstairs. *We*, no doubt, could do what you say; but we are not unanimous, or anything like it.'

'Then try to become unanimous for a good object; or at least, until you have become unanimous, forbear from asking the State to do that for you which is impossible, and which, if it were not impossible, would be injudicious and injurious.'

'And is this *all* the encouragement your

excellency can give us?' inquired the cobbler—timidly enough, but very respectfully.

'No, not all. I can give you the encouragement which was given to the waggoner in Æsop's fable, who implored the aid of the heavenly government to get his waggon-wheel out of the rut. Don't ask any government, or any power, or any person to help you. Help yourselves! It is old advice, but ever new. Unwelcome advice, but always valuable. And I not only tell you to help yourselves, but how to help yourselves. In the first place, economise and systematise your resources, if only to the extent of twopence per week, until a fund is accumulated; second, never marry till you have found not merely a woman that is pleasant to your eye and heart, but who can cook. The women of Barataria are grossly, densely, unpardonably ignorant of cookery. Not one in ten of them, rich or poor, high or low, wives of head-workers or hand-workers, knows how to boil an egg properly, or a potato; they do not understand the art and mystery of soups and pottages; and above all, they do not know the use and value of that invaluable article the stew-pan. In

my native Pumpernickel every woman can cook, and cook well, and can, by means of her good cookery, provide more nutritious, savoury, and appetising food out of two shillings, than a Baratarian woman can manage, or mismanage, to produce out of five. Think of this, gentlemen, and teach it to your sons and daughters, for they are or may be teachable, if your wives are not. One thing more: Learn that union is not only good for offence and defence—as you now seem to suppose, if your actions do not belie your thoughts—but for economy and luxury. Unanimity is difficult, I know; and the golden age will indeed return when two or three millions of human beings will agree to think and act together for any benevolent purpose not connected with government and religion. I quite appreciate the inelegant but forcible allegory of the fleas, and I think that men and fleas are alike ignorant in this respect. But if millions cannot agree to act together, a thousand may. Remember the pints of beer, remember the twopences; and if but one thousand of you, having a common object and purpose—the elevation and well-being of your class—will put aside only thrice this insignificant

sum every week, or sixpence, which there is not a man among you who cannot well spare to invest—I do not mean to waste or give away—the thousand will have at command the sum of twenty-five golden pounds per week, or one thousand three hundred pounds per annum. With such a sum you could be masters of a spacious club-house, well furnished for your ease and comfort, with a lecture-room, a reading-room, a bath-room, a billiard-room, and a kitchen, where a professional cook could serve you up delicacies upon occasion that would not cost half the money that you would be compelled to pay if, as individuals, you went into the open market. And as you all of you like, or seem to like, beer, you could get your beer at so much cheaper a rate than you could purchase it at the public-house, that you would on this item of expenditure alone save the sixpence per week, which is all you would be called upon to disburse.'

Bounce seemed particularly restless while I was speaking, and opened his lips several times as if he very much wanted to interrupt, and was with difficulty restrained from an outburst of wrath or dissent; but I looked at him so intently

for a few seconds without interrupting my discourse, when he seemed most inclined to put in a word, that I fancy I cowed him into silence by the glare of my eye, and he allowed me to proceed. 'I have little more to say, gentlemen,' I added, when I noticed the growing impatience of the seven wise men — perhaps I should except the cobbler, who seemed more or less convinced by my arguments — and I really wished to hear what Bounce would have to urge in behalf of his class,—'and that little is but a recapitulation of what has been already placed before you. I sincerely wish you may get the four eights you have set your hearts upon, and I think you can easily manage to secure them all, except the last. Instead of clamouring for rose-water at the expense of the state, establish a club such as I propose at your own, and something better than rose-water will be the reward of your exertions.'

'I am afraid, your excellency,' said Bounce, in a manner intended to be very dignified and imposing, 'that we have occupied your time and our own to no purpose, and that you do not enter into the feelings and wants of the working men of Barataria.'

'Order, order!' cried Bodgers, who seemed to have taken me into his favour, because I compared kings and statesmen to cobblers, as regarded the nature and quality of their work.

'Who calls order?' shouted Bounce. 'I am in horder. His excellency has given us advice, which we did not hask, and has refused to support our memorial, which we did hask. I fancy there's no more to be said or done, except to wish his excellency good-day, and go about our business.'

As I was of precisely the same opinion, I was glad to take advantage of this favourable opportunity to bring the interview to a close. I therefore bowed them out of the room; not, however, without receiving a glance from Bodgers, which convinced me that he, at least, was favourably impressed with me and my opinions, and that I should most probably hear of or from him on some future occasion.

'You have not pleased the horny hands,' said Boru, after they had departed.

'How do you know?'

'Bounce, as he went, loudly expressed the opinion that you were, as he said, "no go;" Tod-

gers said he wished you were back in Pumpernickel; and Mooney said you were a bloated aristocrat.'

I was highly amused at all this; but, nevertheless, did not think the worse of the working classes, of whom it was my earnest desire to ameliorate the condition. Bounce, thought I, is evidently a humbug; but perhaps no greater a humbug than thousands of others in his position. But every governor, every ruler, every statesman, must make up his mind to receive and talk to humbugs. And with this reflection, I dismissed the interview from my mind; resolved to do my duty by the working and all other classes, utterly regardless of any gratitude, or the reverse, which I might receive at their hands.

On the Saturday following, the *Busy Bee*, the organ of one section of the labouring classes, 'pitched into me,' as the phrase went: declared that I was a tyrant and an aristocrat; that I knew nothing of Barataria; and that Pumpernickel might possibly not be so glad to see me back again as Barataria would be to get rid of me. Another newspaper, in the interest of another section, endeavoured to excite the wrath of

the Barataŕian women against me, as having slandered the sex in the matter of cookery, ending with the vile assertion that I was systematically opposed to the marriage of working people.

I thought to myself that the liberty of the press was abused in Barataria; but said nothing, not even to the Duchess, or to Pamfoozle.

CHAPTER XI.

I MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF SIR PUMP HANDELL, AND TAKE HIM INTO MY CONFIDENCE.

BEFORE receiving the deputation of which Sir Pump Handell was the presiding genius, and listening publicly to the statements that I knew he was prepared to make, I had the satisfaction of meeting him privately at my own table. The Duchess de Grimbosh had formed the acquaintance of Lady Pump Handell, and liked her so much that she took every opportunity to cultivate her society, and made her a companion in her rides and drives. Lady Pump Handell, like her husband, drank no fermented liquors; in fact, nothing but water, milk, tea, and sparkling lemonade. As the Pump Handells would accept no invitations to dinner unless they were assured beforehand that the only beverage placed upon the table would be water, and as the Duchess knew that I, who was never drunk in my life, did not object to, but on the contrary very much enjoyed, a reasonable quantity of good

wine, would not be a party to its exclusion from my own table to humour anybody's prejudices, we were deprived of the opportunity of showing them the hospitalities which I would have been delighted to extend to any friend or companion of the Duchess. However, Juanita suggested, with the true wisdom and common sense that belong to her, that, as we could not ask Sir Pump and Lady Handell to dinner, we might invite them to breakfast. Now as breakfast is a very social meal, and for a man who has no particular business to attend to during the day is far preferable to dinner for the interchange of ideas, I was very glad to avail myself of the suggestion. The mind is free and fresh in the morning; and a host who knows the business of entertaining his guests (as much a business as any other, if a man makes up his mind to excel in it) has even greater opportunities than at the more formal dinner-table of eliciting, by means of the genial and unaffected play of conversation, the wit, the learning, or the information of others, and of pouring forth his own. So Lady and Sir Pump Handell were invited to breakfast, and Benoni, at my request, made the fifth in company.

Sir Pump Handell, like all men who ride hobbies, was a very comfortable-looking gentleman; precise, formal, florid, and on the most excellent terms with himself. He appeared to me to be about forty-five years of age, and was tall, well-made, and handsomer to a man's appreciation than possibly he would be to a woman's. He had a fine flowing black beard; but Nature, or Fortune, who seldom comes, as the poet says, 'with both hands full,' in giving him this abundant hirsuteness upon the jaws, had deprived him of the legitimate growth upon the cranium, which was as glossy and smooth and as destitute of hair as a teacup. Lady Pump Handell was about twenty years the junior of her lord; a lively, active, plump, bright-eyed little woman, with a musical voice and laugh, and with that rare combination either in the female or the male character, a great deal of good nature and a considerable share of wit.

It had been pre-arranged between my wife and me, that the two ladies should retire as early as was hospitable and polite from the breakfast table, on the pretence of a drive, or any other that might present itself, and leave the gentle-

men to themselves to talk politics and philosophy. Juanita managed the matter with grace and cleverness, as she does everything; and Benoni, Sir Pump, and I were left alone. I noticed that Sir Pump smoked, though he abhorred alcohol, and called for a cigar as soon as the ladies had retired. I did not consider this to be strictly temperate; but as I smoked myself, I could not object to his doing so.

Sir Pump came to sound me on the subject nearest to his heart—the abolition of intemperance in Barataria by the summary method of the abolition of drink. I, on my part, was glad to make Sir Pump's acquaintance, that I might sound him on several subjects near to my heart in connection with the welfare of the Baratarian people. But as Sir Pump knew that I had studied his case, and was favourably disposed to hear his arguments, and to reply to them if I could on the proper occasion, he graciously refrained from riding his own hobby very hard, and allowed me to trot out my own. For the which act of courtesy I was much obliged to him.

We were in some danger of drifting into antag-

onism at first—out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh—but by the skilful pilotage of Benoni we steered clear of it.

'Your excellency and I,' said Sir Pump, 'have great ends in view; the abolition of vice, poverty, and ignorance—all apples that grow on that forbidden tree—Intemperance.'

'Not exactly so,' interposed Benoni. 'The Oriental nations do not drink intoxicating liquors to excess—rarely drink them at all—but as far as my reading and my information extend they are as poor, as vicious, and as ignorant as the people of Barataria, if not more so, and think little more of murder than some people of a white lie. But don't let us enter upon the *questio vexata* of strong drink just now. What does your excellency think?'

'Pardon me,' said Sir Pump, 'it is much too wide a subject for conversation, and I assure you that I mentioned it by mere inadvertency, and will say no more about it.'

'No harm is done,' I replied. 'I have a duty to perform on that question as upon all others, and will not shrink from doing it when my mind is fully satisfied, and the hour is ripe for such

action as may seem best. But in inviting you two gentlemen, both philosophers, philanthropists, and politicians, both intimately acquainted with the wants, wishes, and character of the people of Barataria, to an informal and social talk, I must candidly confess that I wish to elicit your opinion on some matters that appear to me to be of importance to the welfare of this community, though they may strike you as novel. We all know how men are incited to good actions by judicious praise, and how cheaply a man may be rewarded by a title, which costs the State nothing, by a bit of ribbon, or by a medal, or even by honourable mention in a public document, or by a vote of thanks engrossed upon parchment. There are people who value such things far more than they do gold or jewels or the possession of an estate. It has seemed to me that all the governments which have hitherto existed in the world, while acting upon this innate characteristic of human nature, and profiting by it at small or no cost, have not been wise enough to take into account the reverse action of the same principle—the fear of dishonour, dispraise, and opprobrium. The State having the power to reward a good citizen

by the bestowal of honour, has the power, if it would but exercise it, of punishing the bad citizen by the bestowal of dishonour; and why not?'

'I'll tell you why not,' said Benoni. 'People, when they are honoured by the state, blazon it forth to all the world, make the best of it and the most of it, and take care that the light which has fallen upon their heads shall not be hidden under a bushel, or thrust into a hole in the wall where no man can see it. Whereas a title of dishonour, which I know your excellency proposes, for you told me of it before, would be concealed or denied, and ultimately end in being ignored and forgotten.'

'But it should be the business of the State to see that the title of dishonour should stick as fast as the title of honour,' I replied, 'and be the legal designation of the person designed to wear it.'

'What? and allow no chance of repentance and amendment? To gibbet a man for ever? It would not do,' said Benoni.

'It would be glorious,' interposed Sir Pump Handell, 'if a man were convicted of habitual intoxication, to designate him thenceforth and for ever as "Your Beastly Drunkenness."'

'A word for the poor beasts,' said Benoni: 'the beasts don't get drunk; but we are approaching a forbidden subject. Let us drop it. Depend upon it, his excellency's project is not practicable—won't do, in fact.'

'There's a great deal in it,' said Sir Pump, 'and I, for one, hope his excellency will study and develop it, as a cheap and effectual method of punishment and a method of prevention also. There is a great deal in it, I am convinced.'

My heart yearned towards Sir Pump from that moment. He was evidently not a man of only one idea, as I had imagined; but a philosopher, who could appreciate the new as fervently as he could find fault with the old. We exchanged glances, and I thought our satisfaction was mutual. I had gained an adherent, and I did not despair of convincing even Benoni at some future time, though I knew him to be one of those ultra-Conservatives, who object to the best of things, and the greatest of ideas, if they have not the glory or the dust of antiquity to recommend them.

'Has your excellency remarked,' said Sir Pump, 'how, in the excess of liberty that is en-

joyed by the people of Barataria, where every man is allowed, within certain limits defined by the ten commandments, and the general tone of fashionable society, to do exactly what seems good in his own eyes,—how the amenity, the beauty, the symmetry of the great city of Muddletown, and other cities of Barataria, are destroyed by the erection of huge unsightly factories, gas-works, warehouses, and private dwellings, that have no reference to any general design?'

'I have; and what is more, I have groaned over the discovery. If I can carry my point without too much obstruction, I shall appoint a new sort of minister, or Secretary of State, the Minister of the Landscape, whose business it shall be to educate the public eye by the beautification of streets, and by the prohibition, absolute and unconditional, of any new building or edifice whatsoever, without the sanction of a Convention of Taste, of which he shall be the president. His functions shall not merely extend to cities and towns, but to villages and rural districts; so that if there be any landscape in Barataria that is highly picturesque and

agreeable to the eyes of refined, artistic, and educated people, no man, whatever his wealth or his position of ownership, shall be allowed to mar its beauty by the erection of unsightly or incongruous buildings, or of any building whatever that my Minister of the Landscape shall not approve as in harmony with the natural surroundings of the site proposed for it. In Muddletown there stands one of the finest cathedrals ever erected, second only to one other in the world in magnitude and beauty; and in all Muddletown there is but one spot from which a good view of it is attainable; and on that very spot, hiding the symmetrical and grand proportions of the noble edifice, a hideous abomination for the manufacture of gas stands in the foreground and utterly ruins the perspective. One of the first things the new minister would have to do, would be to order the removal of these gas-works.'

'But at what cost?' inquired Benoni.

'At *any* cost,' said Sir Pump.

'It is all very fine to talk of *any* cost,' said Benoni, 'but the Baratarians are a very sensitive race as to their pockets, and would, I am afraid, rather save the shillings that your esthetics

would wring out of them, than gaze at the noblest perspective on the earth.'

'Very possibly,' I rejoined; 'but it is the duty of a good ruler to insist that his people be educated, not only in all branches of useful and practical knowledge, but in the love and appreciation of the beautiful in Nature and in Art. No people are truly civilised who are not accustomed to the love and the culture of the beautiful. Like the ancient Greeks, for instance—'

'Pardon me,' said Benoni, somewhat curtly, 'the Baratarians are not Greeks, nor like the Greeks in anything. The culture of the beautiful belongs to the individual, not to the State. A ruler who would attempt to enforce such culture upon his people, whether Greeks or Baratarians, must be an autocrat and a tyrant, with power sufficient to enforce his will upon the reluctant and the dissatisfied. No doubt if he were a man of great taste and genius as well as aptitude for government, and could screw the necessary funds for carrying out his great ideas from the tightly-buttoned pockets of his subjects, he might do a great deal for the Beautiful. But I should not like, I assure you, to be Minister of

the Landscape in Barataria, or in any other free country, where there were newspapers, and voters, and millions of jealous shopkeepers who think that the jingling of money in the purse is the most melodious of music, and the sight of hundreds of gold pieces more beautiful than any landscape, or the finest work of art in the world.'

Benoni was evidently incased in a strong armour of prejudice, and while he was speaking, Sir Pump Pendell cast me a look that said as plainly as words, that it was of no use arguing with a man who could not open his mind for the hospitable reception of any thought that ran in a new channel; and that he, Sir Pump, was a man of a very different description. I consequently changed the subject, and turning to Sir Pump, I announced a still more important project, which I had long debated in my mind, and elaborated in lonely hours of study, before I ever dreamed or imagined that the Grand Llama of Pumpernickel would have done me the unspeakable honour of appointing me to the governorship of Barataria. This project was, as I considered it, the noblest emanation of my wisdom and of my judgment, of my far-sightedness as a statesman,

and of my philanthropy as a man, and sufficient, if it could be adopted by the nations of the earth, to place the name of Herman Grimbosh high amid the burning and shining lights of the truest benefactors of their kind; amid the Solons, the Thaleses, the Lycurguses, the Zoroasters, the Confuciuses, and the Platos—those noblest products of the ages, destined in these later times of regenerate commerciality and money worshippers to have few or no successors. My mind warmed with my mighty theme, secure, I thought, of one disciple in Sir Pump, possibly of a second in Benoni, and of thousands of good and true men in all parts of the world, as soon as the scheme should be unfolded in all its beauty, and brought home to the heads and the hearts of the multitude.

'Is it not,' said I, 'a shameful thing, in this boastful age—nearly two thousand years after the divine doctrines of Christianity have been preached to and dinned into the ears of a world that calls itself civilised and religious—that nations should go to war, that millions of men should be organised to cut each other's throats, and mow each other down with mitrailleuses and other

horrible instruments? Is it not sad that Science should tax her best energies to provide implements of destruction in the shape of monstrous cannon, monstrous shot, diabolical torpedoes, and armour-plated ships, to hurl destruction around them, themselves invulnerable? Is it not deplorable that chemistry should have nothing so profitable on hand as the manufacture of explosive compounds to suffocate, to maim, to kill —compounds worthier of hell than of earth? Thinking of such things, I often doubt, after all, whether this Earth of ours, which we pollute with our massacres and murders, is Earth or Hell, or at best a Purgatory, whither we have been consigned to suffer well-merited punishment for sins committed in a nobler sphere from which we may have fallen. Of what avail are civilisation, philanthropy, humanity, statesmanship, and religion, if they cannot combine their mighty forces to render war impossible?'

Here, unfortunately, I was obliged to cough; and Benoni, taking advantage of the opportunity to break me off in the very midst of an exordium which I had intended to be particularly brilliant, exclaimed pathetically, 'Most true! most true!

There is no need for any one to expatiate on the wickedness and the misery of war. Every one confesses and deplores the abomination. But where's the remedy? I confess, I can't see it. If men will not yield to moral force, there must be physical force behind the moral force to compel obedience. The judge who sits upon the bench, in all the apparently peaceful and rational dignity of his high office, is, if not extrinsically, most certainly intrinsically, a warrior. He pronounces his judgment on the criminal, or on the litigant, whichever it may be; and criminal or litigant must submit to it. To hang a convicted criminal is to make war upon and conquer him; and to condemn a litigant to fine or to loss, is also to make war upon him if he refuse obedience —war carried out by the soldiery or the sheriffs, of whom the judge is but the commanding officer; by the police, the jailers, and if need be by the hangman. I love peace as well as your excellency; I love it so well that I would have it *à tout prix*, even at the price of war.'

'These are truisms,' I said, somewhat impatiently I am afraid, for I was more annoyed than I ought to have been at Benoni's treacherous

interruption just as I was warming to my subject. 'We all know that the world is a world of physical force, and that physical force is and must be the *ultima ratio* as long as there are fools and knaves in all countries in sufficient numbers to set moral force at defiance. In Barataria, at the present day, nobody fights a duel; but the knowledge that a duel *may* be fought prevents many a strong bully and blackguard from insulting a gentleman or a lady. So, in like manner, at some future time, which I shall do my best to prepare the people to welcome, nations will not fight duels, or, in other words, will not go to war; though the knowledge that wars may be made will prevent nations from insulting or doing wrong to one another. Do I make myself clear?'

'Not very clear,' said Benoni.

'Clear to me, and very sensible,' said Sir Pump.

'Let me explain. Society has very properly, and not a day too soon, taken into its head that duelling—that is to say, private war—is wrong, stupid, irrational, barbarous, and intolerable. Consequently, duelling, though theoretically possible, has become unfashionable, and next to im-

possible, in Barataria. Now I maintain that the opinion of mankind throughout the whole world may be made powerful enough to prohibit national or public war between any two countries, just as it has prohibited private war between any two individuals in Barataria—'

'No doubt,' said Benoni, again interrupting me before I had concluded. 'But you must remember that no class of persons had anything to gain by the maintenance of the absurd practice of private war, whereas the equally absurd practice (*that* much I grant) of public war is justified and maintained in every civilised country by the interest, the pride, the bread and butter, the hopes, and the ambition of a very large and very influential class of people, who are to be numbered not by hundreds and thousands merely, but by millions. How are these mighty multitudes to be reconciled to the abolition of their profession and their means of livelihood?'

'Easily enough,' I replied with a tone of triumph, and confident of an easy victory. 'These millions that you speak of are torn from the plough, the loom, the anvil, from every imaginable source of honest industry—torn from their peace-

ful homes, their wives and children, and compelled to serve against their will as cut-throats and murderers by wicked Kings and Emperors.'

'And by wicked and freely-elected Presidents of Democratic Republics,' said Benoni.

'Granted,' I replied, determined not to give him a second chance of shutting the flood-gates of my eloquence. 'By rulers of all kinds, whether hereditary or elected, wise or foolish, constitutional or despotic, young or old, virtuous or vicious. All these potentates—strong not in themselves, but in the ignorance and passions of the people, who seem to think that war is the normal condition of humanity—turn men into soldiers by force or bribery; but I think I shall not err on the side of exaggeration when I assert that fully nine-tenths of the rank and file of battle would, if possible, be glad to pursue any other trade, profession, or business than that of war. They would rather raise corn or cabbages than cut their brothers' throats; rather tend sheep or cattle upon the hills than set fire to the towns and cities of foreign nations; and rather aid in spreading plenty over their own smiling land than be one of a multitude of semi-demons in human

form, carrying the sword and the torch through the hills and valleys of people who never offended them. There remains but another tenth, the officers, the leaders, the dashing fellows who expect rank and honour, and what they call fame and glory, from the bloody business to which they devote themselves. As for these, if public war be once declared as abominable as private war, all their chance of fame and glory would be gone, and they too would be only too happy to seek the bubble reputation elsewhere than at the cannon's mouth, in honourable trade or agriculture, or in the profession of literature, law, or medicine, or the service of the Christian churches, that are not so overburdened with talent as to be averse from taking into their ranks men of high honour and aspiration, who would save men's souls and bodies more cheerfully than they would ruin or destroy them. The opposition to be encountered is not what I venture to call trade opposition, for your true soldier prefers peace to war, and, as one of them said, considers nothing to be so horrible as a victory, except a defeat; but the opposition of ignorant peoples, nations, and kings, who do not cultivate a corporate morality, or think that an

aggregation or collection of states and kingdoms ought to be as well-behaved, courteous, and peaceable to one another as the inhabitants of the same village in the ordinary intercourse of life. And the world is fast becoming a village, in consequence of the virtual abolition of distance by the agencies of science and electricity. Now, my plan is to get together the kings, emperors, governors, presidents, or whatever the leading men of this village, the world, may be called or choose to call themselves, to denounce war, and solemnly swear to submit every dispute that can possibly arise among them to the arbitration of them all; to form themselves, in short, into what I shall designate

THE HIGH COURT OF HUMANITY.

If Emperor THIS the First used indecorous and insulting language to King THAT the Second, and King THAT the Second complained of the offence, the High Court of Humanity should hear the case and compel the offender to apologise, under penalty of the united displeasure of all the rest of the members. If King TWOPENNY desired to appropriate a slice of King THREEPENNY'S ter-

ritory, and proceeded to do so by acts of violence, all the members of the Court should call out the police of their respective states, and reduce THREEPENNY to obedience and subjection to the law of the world. If his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Diddledum, with a one-headed eagle on his banner and his escutcheon, quarrelled with the other Imperial Majesty of Twiddledum with a two-headed eagle on his flag and his ducats, they should fight their battle out in words only, like village politicians at an ale-house; or, if they broke the peace and resorted to blows, the other members of the Court should step in between the combatants, and deprive them of the thrones which they had forfeited by so scandalous a breach of the decencies, the proprieties, and the laws of the whole community.'

'A noble idea,' said Sir Pump Handell, 'and worthy alike of a philosopher and a statesman.'

'Yes,' said Benoni, in a drawling and sarcastic tone, but nevertheless very polite and courteous; 'a noble idea, a poetical idea, but wholly impracticable. It seems to me that it is not so much the kings, the emperors, the gover-

nors, the presidents, and the rest, who want to be restrained from rushing into war, but the people. The people suffer more from war than the kings do, but they evidently like war better. Who drove the great people of Atlantis into bloody civil war? Not the rulers certainly. The passionate people made the war, persisted in it, and fought it out with a ferocity and contempt of life which kings and emperors have rarely exhibited. It is—at all events, it seems so to me—beginning at the wrong end, to bind kings over to keep the peace towards one another unless you can bind the people. How can a king be a lamb if his subjects have all the passions and the instincts of wolves? We must begin with the people, and convert them to peaceable notions, before we can do any good with their rulers. Emperor NAP did not declare war against King SNAP of his own good-will and pleasure; but went into the unhappy business with a sore heart and dark forebodings, because of the unreasoning and jealous multitudes behind that impelled him on to his and their ruin. King SNAP was in a precisely similar predicament.'

'Then you think the people are wolves,' said

Sir Pump Handell; 'and *I* think that all the evil passions which you describe so well, and which make them so wolfish, spring from their insane love of beer, brandy, and other intoxicating drinks; and that war, in fact, is born of the butt and the bottle. But I like his excellency's idea, and when once the whole people of all nations shall become total abstainers from alcohol, and become in this respect as temperate as the brute creation, the High Court of Humanity is certain to be established.'

'But the brutes fight, although they don't drink alcohol,' remarked Benoni.

'Yes, because they copy mankind, who sets them a bad example,' replied Sir Pump; not, however, with the same confident air as before; for Benoni's curt rejoinder had evidently caught a weak place in the armour of his logic.

Benoni suddenly rose, and excusing himself on the plea of another appointment, left us to ourselves, with his last Parthian arrow sticking in the very ribs of his opponent's argument.

But Sir Pump and I sat long together afterwards, with mutual pleasure and advantage. He

learned from me, and I learned from him, as will appear hereafter; and when we separated, I had come to the conclusion, notwithstanding his little crotchet on the subject of wine and other admirable drinks, that he was one of the wisest statesmen in Barataria.

CHAPTER XII.

SEMI-CONVERSIONS, AND A PROPOSED ALLIANCE.

THREE days after my last conversation with Sir Pump, I again requested the pleasure of his society, for I greatly desired to consult with him alone, unencumbered by the presence of the sceptical Benoni, or of any one else. We met in my private cabinet after dinner, and he had so far reconciled himself to what he considered my objectionable habit of imbibing seltzer-water and brandy in the intervals of my three cigars—for that is the number I usually smoke in the evening—as to indulge in a little seltzer-water himself without the brandy, solely, as he said, to keep me company, and not to appear too intolerant of another man's little harmless vices. So we got on very well together, and like wise men, who never look for perfection in anybody, agreed to differ.

He had listened so patiently to me in those

matters of the national cultivation of the beautiful, to be superintended by a 'Minister of the Landscape,' and in my far more important project for the establishment of a 'High Court of Humanity,' and has moreover expressed such warm sympathy with both, that I could do no less than listen with equal patience to him, when he expatiated on his favourite topic, the abuse of alcoholic drink by the people, and the remedies which he proposed. But as I was partaking of alcohol myself, [by permission, as it were,] I thought it best to set myself right at the outset by declaring once for all, that I was as great an enemy of intemperance as himself, that I hated drunkenness, and thought it the source of countless physical and moral evils; but that I considered the moderate use and enjoyment of wine, beer, and spirits, not only permissible but wholesome.

'If everybody could and would put that moral constraint upon himself which your excellency does,' he replied, 'I grant that no particular harm would be done. But the mischief is, that people will not restrain themselves; that the fascination of drinking is so great, that the more the drunk-

ard indulges himself in drink, the more he desires to indulge. Partial restraint is inoperative or impossible with the victims of this degrading vice; therefore total restraint is the most merciful, as well as the only sure remedy.'

'Let us discuss the question calmly, logically, and in its political as well as its social and moral bearing,' I replied. 'In the first place, I cannot admit that alcohol is poisonous or hurtful in itself. Nothing in the world is poisonous, except in degree, not even laudanum, or prussic acid. In proper doses and quantities, these so-called poisons are noble medicines for the alleviation of human suffering. In like manner, nothing is beneficial or nutritious if taken in excess. Too much oil for the lamp is as bad as too little. A man might be poisoned by too much beef as well as by too much beer. Suppose a man had a couple of pounds of beef for breakfast, a couple of pounds for dinner, and a couple of pounds for supper every day of his life, would he not suffer from the effects of so unconscionable a diet?'

'Doubtless he would,' replied Sir Pump; 'but there is a safeguard in the case of the beef which does not exist in the case of the beer. It

would not be agreeable, but, on the contrary, very disagreeable to anybody to eat so much beef day after day; but, unluckily, it is agreeable to many people to drink too much beer and too much gin every day of their lives, and perhaps all day long. A glutton would sicken of the beef; a drunkard does not sicken of the beer and gin.'

'I think the great majority of people would grow as sick of the beer and gin, if taken daily in inordinate quantities, as they would of the beef. In fact, the drunkards, numerous as they may be, are in the minority; and if I correctly understand the drift of the prohibitory laws which you are desirous to introduce into Barataria, you would coerce the majority for the sake of entrapping the minority. You would clap ten men into prison, because you knew that one of them was fool enough to put a thief into his mouth to steal away his brains, although you did not know which.'

'Pardon me if I say that your excellency, being a comparative stranger in Barataria, does not quite understand either the subject or the people. Go forth among them, and look around you, beginning with Muddletown; and in every

street, or behind every street, or in close contiguity to every street, you will find a tavern, a public-house, a beer-shop, or a gin-shop, all open for the sale of intoxicating drink. It is the same all over the country—in every town, in every village. Drink, drink, nothing but drink. These houses tempt the people to drink; suggest drink to them at every turn, and at every leisure moment of their lives. Why, the handicraftsmen and labourers, who call themselves the working classes, spend no less than fifty millions of pounds sterling (some say it is nearer a hundred millions) annually upon intoxicating liquors. Add to this the sum which shopkeepers and others spend on the same vile commodities, and the total will amount to more in half a dozen or a dozen years than would pay all the debt that Barataria has incurred for all the wars that she has ever provoked or been dragged into. If you travel out of Muddletown into any part of the country, I don't care whether it be east, west, north, or south, you will discover, if you look closely enough, many large and important buildings, erected on conspicuous sites, to be easily seen of all men. Inquire into their uses, and

you will find that they are not the residences of territorial magnates or other rich men, but the dwellings of the poor—the palaces of paupers, criminals, and lunatics, nine-tenths of whom have been made paupers, criminals, and lunatics by intemperance in alcoholic drinks. Then calculate the annual cost of pauperism, the annual cost of the maintenance of criminals and lunatics, and add the result to the total sum spent by those who are not yet, but surely will be, paupers, criminals, and lunatics, if this fearful and demoralising trade be not restricted within such reasonable limits as the public safety requires, and you will be confronted with a total sum which will represent, within a fraction, the whole annual rental of the great island of Barataria. Should such things be?'

'I think I could reduce your figures if I tried,' said I. 'From your first great total I would strike off the sums spent in the temperate use, not in the intemperate abuse, of stimulating drink. That would make a very essential difference; and though drunkenness long continued and habitual very certainly leads to pauperism, crime, and lunacy, I think you may find so many

other sources for these social diseases as to justify me and any one else in denying that drunkenness is alone to blame for this. Are there not many people born into the world who all their lives long are incurably lazy? And does not laziness tend to pauperism? Are there not thousands of people who allow their passions of lust, cupidity, or revenge to overmaster them? And do these passions not produce crime? And as for lunacy, are there not thousands born with weak or deficient brains, unfitted for the great and wholesome battle of life, and who, after short struggles, find their only refuge in death or the madhouse? And again, are there not thousands born with good brains, who overwork them in the too hot pursuit of wealth or fame, and find themselves at last in the same unhappy haven of the madhouse, provided for them by the pitying care of their happier fellow-creatures? It never answers to overstate a case, and I think you overstate yours.'

'It may be so,' said Sir Pump; 'and I will allow you to deduct ten, or even fifteen, per cent from my totals, on account of involuntary error or exaggeration.'

'Say fifty,' replied I.

'I will say fifty, for the sake of argument; but what a fearful total there would still remain!'

'Waiving that inquiry for the present, I would ask, has it never struck you as singular that the people of all Protestant countries are more addicted to drunkenness than the people of Roman-catholic countries?'

'It has not struck me before, but I see it now that you mention it. Possibly it is not so much their Protestantism as the excess of liberty which they enjoy and abuse, that will best explain the fact. I would not meddle with their Protestantism, but I certainly would restrict their liberty to get drunk.'

'Would not education be a better prevention than restriction of liberty? Rich and celebrated men in high positions formerly gloried in getting drunk; now they think drunkenness a disgrace. And if this reformation has been brought about in the case of the rich and the gentle, may it not be brought about in the case of the poor and vulgar, if you, and I, and others go the right way to work?'

'I don't think so. The evil is spreading daily, and assumes fearful proportions, while so-called

social philosophers are talking about it and doing nothing. But you must read my papers and my statistics before you make up your mind to trust to education for the cure, and to meddle no farther. Education may aid the good work, but cannot complete it. Your excellency has noble opportunities, and should not throw them away on a preconception which may turn out to be erroneous. Promise me to read these;' and he drew two or three rather formidable looking pamphlets from his pocket as he spoke, and presented them to me. I promised to do as he desired—for his statements had startled though they had not convinced me—and resolved that I would accept the truth, if it were the truth (which I doubted), and follow it wherever it would lead me.

'I see, Sir Pump, that you are a man of ideas. I see it to-day, and I saw it when we discussed with Benoni my grand project for the establishment of the High Court of Humanity; and I should like you to turn over in your own mind an error of all modern civilisation which I think very disgraceful to it; an error that ought not to be allowed in a wise government, and the

perpetuation of which leads, even far more than intemperance does, to the increase not only of pauperism, crime, and insanity, but to the physical and moral deterioration of the human race.'

'Your excellency's ideas are always philosophical and sound,' replied Sir Pump; 'and whatever you say, or propose, or expound to me shall receive the best attention I can give it.'

'A wise government ruling wisely over a wise people, is my ideal of the perfect society that might be produced on the earth if mankind had not gone so obstinately wrong from the beginning of time—wrong in thought, wrong in action, wrong in indulgence of passion—as to make a return to the right path difficult, if not impossible. Do you follow me?'

'Not clearly, if at all.'

'You shall understand me thoroughly in a few minutes, if you will give me your attention. The men of Barataria, more perhaps than the men of any other country in the world, take the greatest pains and trouble, and display the greatest amount of skill and experience, in the production of every article that ministers to their uses and their luxuries. And not only to the production of manu-

factured commodities, but of grain and the fruits of the earth. And not only of grain and the fruits of the earth, but of animals. The farmers and graziers breed the finest horses and cattle in the world. Their breed of dogs is unrivalled; and in the culture of roses no nation excels them. But on the rearing of human creatures, the noblest and divinest animals in the world, they bestow no care; all in that respect is haphazard. Any debased, vitiated, stunted, and diseased man may mate with a woman as debased, diseased, imperfect, and stunted as himself; and the progeny of the pair, taking after their parents on both sides, may repeat the process in the appointed time of nature, and bring forth another generation as inferior as themselves in every mental and bodily attribute; and so on *ad infinitum*. It is the meanest and wretchedest creatures who always breed the fastest. It is the marriages of people unfit for marriage that produce the poor spiritless children that afterwards grow up to be paupers, fools, criminals, or idiots, or who prowl about the streets displaying their deformities, to the disgust of nobler creatures whose fathers and mothers were fit to wed.'

'I understand,' said Sir Pump: 'you are of the opinion of Lycurgus, who, as Plutarch informs us, was so desirous to raise up handsome, well-made, and intelligent citizens for the service of Sparta, that he went so far back as to take into consideration their very conception and birth, and the regulations of their marriages. I suppose, however, you would not think of going so far as Lycurgus?'

'Not quite, the climate would not permit of his method, and if it would, religion would not sanction it. But I think something might be done, consistent with religion or in alliance with it, to induce the Baratarians to think more seriously of this momentous matter. I would forbid the clergy to lend the sanction of their office to the marriage of cripples, hunchbacks, deformed and diseased people, the deaf, the dumb, and the blind, and would declare all such marriages to be illegal. Indeed, I am not sure that I would not make it a penal offence in every man or woman disqualified by any of the defects I have enumerated to commit what I call the sin of matrimony, when it is committed with the probable result of overstocking the state with valueless,

imperfect, or pernicious citizens. I should like Barataria to be inhabited by none but finely-formed and healthy men, and lovely and healthy women, clear in mind, strong and comely in body, virtuous in conduct, and producing none but children like themselves to take their places in God's appointed season, and to carry on the work of the world in which they would be far worthier to live than their ancestors.'

'A dream, your excellency, which may not be all a dream, but which can never be other than a vision, until my great preliminary reformation in manners shall have come into operation, and when neither beer, wine, alcohol, or fermented liquors shall be drunk, or desired to be drunk, or even distilled or manufactured, within the limits of a land, that then, for the first time in its history, shall be made temperate and happy. You have but to aid my project to prepare the way for the adoption of your own. Let us shake hands, and vow to assist each other.'

We shook hands very cordially, though we did not exactly vow the vow that Sir Pump suggested. I was not quite so clear about his schemes of reform and improvement as I was

about my own, and I had a respect for a bottle of good Château Margaux or Chambertin, as well as for a glass of good ale, that would not permit me to think that such blessings were not to be enjoyed in moderation, merely because the enjoyment, like anything else in the world, was liable to be abused by the weak-minded or the thoughtless. I resolved, however, to study the statistics that Sir Pump had given me, to weigh both sides of the question, and to accept or reject the alliance which Sir Pump proposed to me, as my judgment and my conscience should ultimately decide.

When we parted that evening, my original good opinion of Sir Pump was both fortified and increased by the confabulation we had enjoyed, and I thought he was as pleased with me as I certainly was with him. 'What great events from little causes spring!' But I must not anticipate.

CHAPTER XIII.

GREAT SCHEMES.

It was not until a month after the conversation recorded in the last chapter that I began to elaborate and put into form my schemes for the regeneration of Barataria, or rather a scheme for the introduction into Baratæria for the first time of a truly civilised and Christian government. I was so convinced by the statistics and arguments of Sir Pump Handell in the matter of Baratarian intemperance, that I came to the conclusion, not without a few pangs and misgivings, that it was necessary to make the Baratarians, especially of the poorer classes, sober in spite of themselves—reserving to myself, of course, and to others in like circumstances, the right of drinking much or drinking little, as we pleased. Having fully made up my mind, I requested Sir Pump to relieve me from the trouble of discussing the matter in public, by explaining to the association of

which he was president that I was with them in the spirit, and would forward their views by all the means at my command. Sir Pump agreed to this suggestion, and communicated to his friends and supporters my adhesion to the principles of the association. The announcement was received with much favour, though the *Daily Oracle*, the *Malignant*, and the *Beer-Barrel*, and several other journals, were very sarcastic in their comments upon my conversion, as they termed it, and hoped that 'my excellency,' if he resolved to drink nothing but water himself, would not refrain from giving wine to his friends, if he ever entertained any. These snarling journalists, however, did not know the liberty I had reserved to myself, and that I was the friend of the temperate use of the good things of this world, and the enemy only of drunkenness, gluttony, and all other excess. However, it did not comport with my dignity to set these ill-natured people right by any explanation, and the matter gradually faded from the public mind—the more rapidly, perhaps, as the excellent Pamfoozle, in his own jaunty and good-humoured manner, took care to mention, whenever the subject was touched

upon in his hearing, that his excellency not only enjoyed a glass of good wine, but had some very choice bottles in his cellar, of which all his friends were free to partake.

My adhesion to the great cause of temperance procured me a visit of congratulation from Bluff, who was already predisposed to look favourably on my ideas and aspirations for the good of my fellow-creatures in the government of Barataria. The visit was the prelude to many more, some of them paid to me alone, and some in company with Sir Pump and Mr. Hyson Potts, a gentleman of whom I had previously known nothing beyond the name, but who proved to be a person of large benevolence, resolved, if he could, to compel the world to be virtuous and happy after his own particular method, and no other. All of these persons were enthusiastic, especially Bluff, in favour of my darling project, the establishment of the "High Court of Humanity" for the prevention of war. Encouraged by their sympathy, I gradually unfolded the whole series of reforms which I desired to introduce into Barataria, if I could but secure the aid of the leading statesmen of the country. I found, however, that to make sure of their

hearty coöperation it was necessary that I should lend my aid, not only to their schemes for the prevention of drunkenness, but to several other projects in which I saw no particular urgency. One of them was the abolition of the political disqualification of women for seats in Parliament or on the Bench, and the opening up to maids, wives, and widows of all the learned professions—medicine, the law, the church, or any other that it was their good-will and pleasure to adopt. My own opinion was opposed to the intermeddling of women in the squabbles of political life, as I thought I had made apparent to Theodosia Blue, Angelina Ricketts, and Xantippe Prodgers. But I found I could not count thoroughly upon the coöperation of Bluff or of Sir Pump, to say nothing of Hyson Potts, if I did not yield a little on this point. In short, they would not help me to mount my hobby unless I helped them to mount theirs. I yielded so far at last, that I consented to aid a movement for granting to all single women paying rent and taxes the same political rights as were enjoyable by men. I contended that married women desired no such rights, or would not exercise them if they were conferred; and that there

ought to be but one vote for one household. As for the entry of women into the learned professions, that was a matter which I declined either to support or oppose, thinking that the women who desired to compete with men as lawyers, doctors, or preachers, might fight their own battle with public opinion. On this point I was obstinate, in spite of all the arguments that were used to convert me, ending all discussion by the explanation that I so utterly disliked womanly men and manly women, that I would not lend myself to the unsexing of either, or to any attempt to disturb the beautiful relations that Heaven and Nature had established between the two. Bluff, Sir Pump, and Hyson Potts ultimately expressed themselves satisfied with the concession I had made on the point of political privilege; that is to say, the right of voting to be accorded to all single women who paid taxes as mistresses of house or household.

For many weeks we four earnest men debated in a little parliament of our own our schemes for the regeneration of Barataria, and the establishment in that (to be) happy land of a true system of society: the scheme which was

to attract to its support all the advanced minds, all the leading spirits of an age that called itself an 'Age of Progress.' Like Lycurgus, we resolved to commence the reformation of the people before their birth. It was his noble design that the Spartans should be well-born; and it was mine that the Baratarians of the future should be the children of such as were physically and mentally fitted to enter into the sacred state of matrimony. To this end, it was proposed that no marriage in Barataria should be considered legal, unless the contracting parties had received certificates from a medical committee, composed of physicians and physiologists, aided by a council of matrons, midwives, and professional nurses, that neither the proposed husband or the proposed wife suffered from any physical incapacity for producing and rearing a healthy offspring, or from any hereditary taint or imperfection; that their ages were suitable; that they were neither scrofulous, imbecile, or insane; or too closely related in blood.

Hoping by these means to secure in the next generation a strong, a healthy, and a beautiful people, the next step in our proposed reformation

was to establish a system of compulsory education for every child, rich or poor; such education to include, not only reading, writing, and arithmetic, but geography, astronomy, music, athletics, and the elements of physiology. The teaching of religion was not to be compulsory, but to be left wholly to the voluntary efforts of the clergy of all denominations; to whom should be allotted two days in every week, the Wednesday and the Sunday, to call together all such children as would come of their own free will, or as might be sent by their parents, to be instructed in their duty to God and man. I thought that there was zeal enough among the preachers of Christianity to carry on this good work *ex proprio motu*, without state interference; believing that state interference in the matter would have no other result than to set all the churches and chapels by the ears. The duty of the State, I thought, was entirely confined to this world; the duty of the church, or the churches, to due preparation for the next.

The third reform I proposed to inaugurate, was to provide the means of healthful recreation to all classes of the people. To this end I resolved,

that to every town of Barataria containing five thousand inhabitants, or from five thousand to ten thousand, should be allotted a convenient plot of ground, to be converted into a public park and gardens, in which there should be a properly appointed gymnasium and a capacious swimming bath, to be maintained at the public expense. In such large cities as Muddletown, and others of corresponding or lesser magnitude, the number of the pleasure grounds, gymnasiums, and swimming baths should be proportionate to that of the population. It was my desire that every Baratarian, male or female, should be taught to swim; for I considered that swimming was not only a healthful exercise to keep the Baratarians in good physical condition, but almost as necessary as the power of walking on dry land, to the comfortable and secure enjoyment of life in a country like Barataria, entirely surrounded by the sea.

The fourth step in my ladder of progress was the abolition of the punishment of death; not because it was a severe, but because it might be an unjust, penalty, which once inflicted was irreparable. It is an error, in my opinion, to look upon

Death, come when it will, as other than a divinely appointed blessing, the lot of all who live; and its infliction as a punishment as anything but a mistake. Men, as a rule, do not fear death, and most people meet it when it comes with a resigned, if not happy, spirit. But pain is a punishment that every one dreads; so I resolved that pain, not death, should be the punishment of the murderer in Barataria; pain to be inflicted periodically as long as the murderer lived, which I, and all of us, thought would be a greater deterrent from the commission of heinous crime than the taking of the criminal's life. To escape pain and disgrace, many a man and woman commit the crime of self-murder. Consequently, pain and disgrace may be severer penalties than death. Therefore, pain and disgrace, added to the temporary or permanent deprivation of liberty, should be the punishment of all great crime in Barataria under my reformed system of government. And in order that the honest people should not be taxed too heavily for the support of murderers, thieves, and other offenders, I resolved that all such persons should be kept to labour in the construction of useful public works, such as har-

bours and breakwaters on the coasts, the draining of marshes and bogs, the embankment of rivers subject to floods, the reclamation of lands from the sea, and in the great cities the cleansing of the streets.

The fifth project, a great favourite of mine, was one for the diminution of the plague of lawyers; for if ever a country was lawyer-ridden, it is Barataria. I know that it is impossible, and were it not impossible, that it would be unwise, to abolish the legal profession altogether, and let every man be a law to himself. This would never answer out of Bedlam, and, in fact, would not answer even there; but I had been of opinion ever since I began to think on the matter, that the production of lawyers was unduly and mischievously stimulated, by placing under the action of the law a great variety of small matters in which law ought to be too high and dignified to interfere. Why, if a tailor have given a man credit for a pair of breeches, or a butcher have provided a few pounds of beef and mutton for the use of a man's family, should all the pomp, power, majesty, and authority of the law and government of Barataria be employed to help the tailor or the

butcher to screw the money out of the unwilling, or it might be the empty pockets of his debtor? Therefore I came to the conclusion that the right to bring actions for debt in the courts, great or small, of Barataria should be forthwith abolished. By this means I calculated that at least half the pettifoggers of the country would find their occupation gone, and be compelled of necessity to adopt another, and I hoped a better, calling. Nor was it my opinion that the trade and commerce of Barataria would suffer in the slightest degree by this social revolution. No debts are so punctually paid as debts of honour, of which the law takes no cognisance; and if every debt became a debt of honour, as it would under my system, not only would tradesmen and merchants exercise more caution in the giving of credit, but ready-money would, as a rule, be paid by almost everybody. The State has higher functions and duties than to be the collector of small debts for credulous creditors or greedy traders; at least such was the opinion to which I ultimately converted Bluff, Hyson Potts, and Sir Pump Handell. Another means which I thought would be highly efficacious in the abatement of the nuisance of

too many lawyers, was the preparation of a simple form of procedure for the sale and transfer of landed property, so that it would be as unnecessary to employ a lawyer or conveyancer in such transactions, as it is to employ one of the above fraternity in the disposal of a watch, a bale of cotton, a leg of mutton, or a pennyworth of apples.

'The lawyers will fight hard,' said Sir Pump.

'About as hard as the brewers and publicans,' replied I; 'but what signifies their fighting? Shall not public opinion be too strong for them, when we are at the head of it?'

'Not so sure,' said Sir Pump; 'but we shall try nevertheless.'

Another reform of the law, much needed, which I incorporated in my programme, was the establishment of a public prosecutor, a functionary who, in the interest of the whole people, should set the law in motion; and who should not only take cognisance of the higher order of offences, but of those minor, though, as I hold, very serious offences against the public health and the public pocket, involved in the adulteration of food, drink, medicine, or the selling of any article

by fraudulent weights and measures. If I could but eradicate these mean vices, the unwholesome produce of modern civilisation, which had taken the place of the more daring and courageous crimes committed by the highwaymen and burglars of a previous age, I would by that act alone, justify my claim to be considered a true reformer. I resolved to punish them not by fines in money, which the rogues would pay, and laugh in their sleeves when they had done so, but by personal punishment on their dastard skins, and by the deprivation of political right, and the license to sell for a long term of years, until they had learned by bitter experience that it was as wicked for a shopkeeper to rob a customer, as it would be for the customer to put his hand into the shopkeeper's till, and abstract his money.

In my next project, which was the regulation and abatement of the liquor traffic, with a view to the permanent extinction of drunkenness in Barataria, the whole strength and experience of Bluff, Hyson Potts, and Sir Pump Handell were brought to my aid. That the reform should be radical and complete, it was resolved that public-houses, gin-shops, and beer-shops should be

wholly abolished throughout the length and breadth of Barataria; and that wine, beer, and spirituous liquors should only be sold in three descriptions of establishments, the number of which, in every town and city, should be strictly proportioned to the number of the inhabitants. The first was the hotel of the place, which was to be strictly prohibited from selling or giving or otherwise providing wine or beer or other fermented liquors to any persons but *bonâ fide* travellers staying temporarily in the house; the second was to be situated in a central and convenient part of every district, at the rate of one to every thousand—Sir Pump thought five thousand—inhabitants, to sell beer and wine by retail to all such as chose to send for it in their own jugs or bottles, and take it to their own homes for consumption. The sale of gin, brandy, whisky, or other spirits, was to be prohibited altogether except as medicine, to be provided only by licensed chemists and druggists on the production of a certificate from a properly qualified medical practitioner. And to guard against possible abuse of this privilege, every dose of such spirits sold by a chemist or druggist was to be rendered un-

palatable by the infusion of a few drops of some harmless but nauseous drug. By these means temptation would be removed from the sight of the people, and all those temperate persons who, like myself, thought there was good rather than harm in the moderate consumption of wine and beer, would be able to procure in their own homes as much as they pleased to purchase. Sir Pump was not quite satisfied to allow so much liberty ; but knowing as he did, and as everybody who undertakes a share in the government of a great people ought to know, that all government, and even liberty itself, is more or less of a compromise, he agreed to accept the measure as an instalment of a future and much greater demand, and to advocate and support it to the best of his ability.

Last and noblest of all my projects, was the establishment of the "High Court of Humanity." The realisation of this idea would, I fondly hoped, render my name illustrious for evermore—second to few in the long muster-roll of the world's best heroes ;—the heroes of peace. For the sake of this idea, this grand idea, this noble idea, as I could not help considering it, I had sold, or in

a manner pawned, my convictions on other matters. I consented to palter with my conscience on the great though minor question of the beer of the Baratarians. But the majestic nature of the object to be attained justified the sacrifice, if it were a sacrifice, which perhaps it was not. And having made a treaty of alliance with Sir Pump and his friends, my next business was to secure the aid of Pamfoozle, or try to secure it. I was not at all sanguine on this point. Indeed I greatly doubted whether that respectable gentleman was a reformer at all, and whether he would not wash his hands of most, if not all, of my schemes as soon as I had explained them.

CHAPTER XIV.

PAMFOOZLE RESIGNS, AND BAMBOOZLE REFUSES TO ACCEPT OFFICE.

I WAS not deceived in my estimate of the caution or the timidity of Pamfoozle. He listened with the most courteous attention as I gradually explained the whole scope and tendency of my grand measures of reform. Looking upon him as a man of great experience, as well as of most estimable character, who had a thorough knowledge of the world, I entreated him, as a personal favour, to tell me whether I might reckon upon his support and coöperation.

'Your excellency has been born long before your time; you are far in advance of your age,' he replied, with a genial smile; 'which I rather think is a misfortune for anybody, especially for a statesman. No reforming king, emperor, pope, president, or governor, ever did or ever will gain any credit or do any good for himself or for his people. His motives are sure to be misunderstood and his character to be vilified. Happy

for him if no worse happens! The great majority of mankind in all countries are conservative, though they won't always confess it. Politics is the art of standing still with safety. "Never move, unless you cannot help yourself." That is the golden maxim of all government, not alone in free but in despotic countries. I have made it my rule of conduct during my whole political life, and resisted all attempts at change, until I saw change was inevitable and would be effected without me. Then, and only then, I yielded; never before the eleventh hour, and generally after the eleventh hour had travelled half way onwards to the twelfth.'

'But is not such delay both dangerous and injurious?'

'Not at all. It is safe—the only safety; and so far from being injurious, it is beneficial. Wise resistance ripens men's thoughts, and educates the people. Some of your ideas I think extremely good—the High Court of Humanity, for instance—if you could but persuade half a dozen of the most powerful potentates in the world to agree with you. Still I will support *that* on principle, though I don't believe it will ever come

to anything in my time, or in yours either. Your parks, gymnasia, and swimming-baths I by no means object to, and will advocate, if need be, if properly introduced to the legislature, and likely to be carried. Compulsory education does not offend me; indeed I rather like the notion. A man is compelled to be clothed, and why should he not be compelled to be educated? The Baratarians, some day or other, will have to establish a grand educational system—at least such is my opinion—whether the ministers of religion approve of it or not. But the time is not ripe for it, and may not be for twenty years; and if I were in your excellency's position, I would not lend my countenance to it at present. Let others agitate it, write about it, speak about it, while you and your ministers keep silent until you are compelled to speak. I am not sure that you are not entirely right about the lawyers, and about the abolition of the punishment of death; but why, in the name of all that is practical, prudent, and sensible, have you taken it into your head to meddle with the marriage laws and more especially with the beer of the Baratarians? Beer, your excellency, is a sacred

thing, not to be profanely or unnecessarily touched; and the marriage question, as you put it, though it was good for Sparta, would never do for Barataria. Leave it alone, or employ somebody to write a book about it, that you may see what the public thinks. But I tell you frankly, that to entertain the question as a matter within the province of government or legislation is sheer infatuation and lunacy. People will think the idea so theoretically good, but so wholly unpractical, that they will call your excellency a poet, which in Barataria is fatal to any man's character as a man of business or common sense. Poets, I grant you, are men of uncommon sense — the quintessence of sense — but we don't like uncommon sense in Barataria; and as for the quintessence of sense, we leave it to madmen, to men of genius, who, as the phrases go, "have a slate loose," or "a bee in their bonnet." The same advice that I give about your beautiful marriage project may be given in the case of the beer of Barataria. To meddle with the poor man's beer is, in the poor man's opinion, the crime of treason against the people. You may deprive a Baratarian of his vote, and tax

him, till he can bear taxation no longer, and he will growl, and grumble, and show his teeth as is his wont; but if you attempt to deprive him of his beer, look out for squalls and cracking of skulls.'

'O, but we shall cause the peace to be well preserved, never fear. I shall answer for that.'

'You could not,' replied Pamfoozle. 'If you meddled with the beer with the view of stopping the people's allowance, or preventing them from obtaining it in doors or out, the police would not lift a truncheon, and the soldiers would not fire a shot, in such an unpopular cause. Let the beer alone. You may deprive the rich of their wine and their brandy (though I by no means think you will), without creating a revolution, or even civil strife; but if you touch the poor man's beer by any such legislation as you propose, the ministry whom you employ for the purpose is doomed; and, excuse my plain speaking, I don't think the gubernatorial chair itself would be quite safe. Such a shaking and rattling of the elements as would burst over Barataria has not been seen since the days when a former Governor's head was cut off. Your excellency has written the

Political History of Hunger, in twenty volumes—a capital book, I hope I shall be able to read it during the leisure I shall enjoy when out of office—and you will have to study the *Political History of Thirst* before long, if you or your advisers persist in your frantic scheme for making the Baratarians sober by act of parliament or by police regulations. It won't do, your excellency; Baratarian human nature won't stand it.'

I had never seen Pamfoozle so greatly excited, and I suppose that my face expressed surprise at the unusual vehemence of one who, in all ordinary affairs, was so calm and undemonstrative; for he said, suddenly relapsing into the quieter manner which was habitual to him, 'Excuse my warmth; and believe that in speaking as I have spoken, I had not only the peace of Barataria, but your excellency's welfare at heart. Try one of the smallest of your schemes to begin with, that you may see the stuff of which Baratarians are made; and profit by the experience of a veteran, which tells him that it is never good in statesmanship to have too many irons in the fire. The fewer the better; best of all to have none. Sit by the fire and warm

yourself; let others poke it. If you must and will go to work as a reformer, which I by no means advise, I should think the appointment of a public prosecutor, and the establishment of parks, recreation grounds, gymnasia, and swimming baths for the people of Barataria, in close contiguity to every considerable town or village, would be quite enough to try your strength and philanthropy.'

'But these are such small matters,' said I.

'Small!' he replied sharply. 'I call them large; much larger than I should like to undertake, if I were a minister and wished to remain one. In meddling, by means of a public prosecutor, with the adulterators of food and drink, and the selling by false weight and measure, you would have a million or two of shopkeepers enraged against your government, most of whom possessing votes might contrive at the first parliamentary election to place you in a minority. And as for the parks and swimming baths, though I approve of them, I think that the Baratarian people might possibly object to pay for them. A wise and powerful despot might establish them; not a free government.'

'Of course there are difficulties,' I replied; 'but difficulties do not, and never did, daunt me.'

'I wish I could say as much for myself. Difficulties do daunt me, especially if they are sleeping lions that there is no necessity to arouse. Difficulties that may chance to be insuperable are such ugly customers, that I never like to knock my head against them. Besides, I am growing old, and need repose, and shall be obliged to your excellency to accept my resignation of office. I am too old to court unnecessary strife. You must send for Bamboozle, and if you are more successful with him than you have been with me, I, who am seldom surprised at anything, shall be very much surprised indeed.'

Pamfoozle shook hands cordially with me at parting. In less than an hour afterwards I sent for Bamboozle, who, though suffering from an attack of his old ancestral enemy the gout, waited on me without much delay. He was attended by his faithful Benoni, his *alter ego*, without whose coöperation he never consented to assume the leadership in public affairs. I found that I had not mended matters by appealing to these gentlemen. If Pamfoozle would not move an ell, Bam-

boozle and Benoni would not move an inch. They did not laugh me to scorn, but they lifted their eyebrows with a surprise that was none the less perceptible, because it was as much as possible suppressed. They heard, but positively declined to discuss, my schemes;—my great, my noble schemes, for the regeneration of their country. Bamboozle was patronising to me in his own grand way, and, with the condescension of a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*, was good enough to explain to me, that the less I meddled in public affairs the better; that although nominally a governor, it was no business of mine to govern; that I was, in fact, a dummy, set up in a particular place to keep other men out of it, and that chaos would come again, if dummies permitted themselves the unwarrantable luxury of having wills and ideas of their own, except on minor matters, wherein no great party or national issues were involved.

'In Barataria,' said Benoni, blandly and kindly, as if I were a great school-boy, who had misunderstood his Virgil, but who did not therefore merit any severe punishment, at least for the first offence, 'we have the habit of dismiss-

ing any government that displeases us. That is right and constitutional, and in every way proper. But your excellency is not the government, and we cannot get rid of you without a revolution—peaceful or otherwise—by which we should get into difficulties with the Great Llama of Pumpernickel, who appointed you. If we—that is to say, my noble friend and myself—were to take office under you on the terms proposed, we should ruin ourselves, as politicians and statesmen, for ever.'

'Which is what I have no intention of doing,' said Bamboozle emphatically, and with a flavour of acerbity which may have proceeded from his gout, or from the intensity of his determination, or from a mixture of the two. 'Barataria is the land of common sense, plain common sense, unpretending common sense;—the land of precedents;—a land in which public men never move a step forward without being assured that they can step on solid ground, and not into a quagmire or a bottomless pit. If you persevere in your reforms, or in the attempt even to discuss such reforms as your marriage laws and the unjustifiable interference with the poor man's beer, which

I honestly and sincerely hope you will not do, you should send for Bluff. At all events consult him, if you will not think better of the whole subject, and be content to let well alone. I don't think that even Bluff will go along with you.'

I was of a different opinion, and after the departure of Bamboozle and Benoni, resolved to send for Bluff and Sir Pump Handell on the following morning, to take counsel with my friends and sympathisers rather than with my opponents, or at all events my non-sympathisers. Of course, I knew beforehand that they would be with me; but as a constitutional ruler (constitutions are humbugs, and won't work unless in fair weather) I was compelled to consult the opposition. I *had* consulted it, and there was an end of my constitutional obligation. I took counsel of myself over my evening cigar, and before sending for Bluff and Sir Pump Handell I had a long confabulation with Juanita.

'I don't care about politics, and you know I don't,' said she; 'but since you have asked my opinion, I think that Pamfoozle and Bamboozle have given you excellent advice. The Bara-

tarians are not babies, and you are not a hereditary monarch ruling by right divine, with a big army to do your bidding, whether it be right or wrong.'

'But though not babies, they are a reasonable people,' I replied; 'and if I place myself at the head of the intellect and philanthropy of the time, I shall prove to the wise and good, and afterwards to those who are not yet wise and good, but who may become wise and good at a future time, that my measures are all framed to secure their happiness.'

'People like to be happy in their own way. I know I do,' replied Juanita, 'and they won't be made happy on compulsion. You can't even make a baby happy unless it likes. I know if I were the governor of Barataria, I would not meddle too much either with the happiness or the misery of the people. Kings and governors are poor creatures, and not half so mighty as they think themselves.'

'I admit that;—but they have duties; and my duty is to govern these people wisely.'

'Your duty is to keep the peace, and not to worry the people by unnecessary interference.'

'And you really think my proposed changes unnecessary?'

'Yes, most of them.'

'What? The establishment of a system of compulsory education for every Baratarian child?'

'Well, I can't say it is unnecessary; but if I wanted to introduce such a great reform as that, I would devote all my mind to it until I carried it, and would not encumber myself with other things.'

'And the punishment of the mean rogues who poison and adulterate almost every article they sell, do you call that unnecessary?'

'Not exactly; only you must not attempt too much. Don't bewilder the poor people's brains. They can't become good all at once.'

'And the marriage only of the wise, the brave, the lovely, and the healthy, is that not a grand idea?'

'Too grand for me. Perhaps even you and I might not have come together, if the rule had been strictly enforced. In short, it's all rubbish, and I don't want to talk any more about it, except just to say, that I'm quite sure you'll drop it. If you don't, you'll make yourself ridiculous, and that's about the worst thing that can happen

to you, or anybody else in Barataria. If I were a king, an emperor, or a governor, I'd rather be hated than laughed at.'

In all my wedded life, I had never found that Juanita had given me any advice that was not based on common sense and shrewd observation of the world. She was not only a sensible, but a clever woman, without knowing that she was so, or making the slightest pretence to superior wisdom. I early learned to profit by her counsel, though I sometimes tried to conceal, both from myself and her, the fact of my indebtedness to her judgment, and acted upon it, while pretending to go against it. But she was a merciful disputant—if I am not wrong in calling her a disputant at all—and never unfairly pressed an advantage over an opponent. Perhaps she did not always see when she had the advantage in an argument. But whether she saw or did not, there never was any sign of superiority or triumph upon her comely countenance. She went on to say in the most natural manner in the world, and as if she were wholly unaware that she was twisting and turning me round her fingers like a piece of thread,

'I think, Herman, if I were you, I would not break with Pamfoozle altogether. Perhaps he would consent to remain in office, and support one of your projects, say the High Court of Humanity.'

I was convinced that Pamfoozle's resignation was final; and that even if I consented to abandon all my great ideas, and be contented to do nothing as long as he lived, he would not reconsider his determination. Besides, I was in a manner pledged to Bluff and Sir Pump Handell, though I had been compelled, by constitutional usage, to apply to the chiefs of the two great parties of the 'ins' and the 'outs,' that always exist in countries where there are parliaments, and where the 'gift of the gab' is the one thing needful for government. Failing the assistance of these, recourse to a third and independent party, to be recruited, if need were, out of both the others, was open to me; and this course I was bound, by honour to the gentlemen whom I had consulted, to adopt. But after the interviews with Pamfoozle and Bamboozle, and finding that Juanita agreed in the main with the objections which they had, independently of each other, raised

against the largeness and multifariousness of the schemes of reform which I had drawn up, I came unwillingly to the conclusion that it would be unwise in me to attempt to pour my gallon of philosophy into the pint measure of the existing mind of Barataria; and that I should confine my efforts, and those of my ministers, entirely to such measures as we might fairly hope to carry. I finally resolved upon three only: the establishment, if possible, of the High Court of Humanity, for the settlement of all international differences, and the consequent abolition of war. That was, I thought, a safe measure; and would not touch the pockets or do violence to the religious sentiment of the Baratarians. The second was, the compulsory education of all the children of Barataria, rich and poor; to be insisted upon, not as a favour conferred upon, but a right inherent in, all children born into the land. The third and last, without which I could not secure the co-operation of Bluff and Sir Pump Handell, was the abolition of drunkenness by act of parliament, and the adoption of all necessary measures to that end. Having finally settled these points in my own mind, and adjourned the remainder of my schemes

to that indefinite future day when action might be possible, I sent for Bluff, and offered him the post of chief secretary; and for Sir Pump Handell, to place at his command such other office in my government as it might please him to accept.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PUMP-HANDELL ADMINISTRATION.

BLUFF refused the chief secretaryship, but being vigorously pressed consented to occupy the responsible post of Minister for Foreign Affairs. Sir Pump Handell became chief of my administration, and Mr. Hyson Potts became Minister of Education and Controller of Parks and Public Amusements. It was my earnest desire to enlist into my service the venerable Monkshood, a man who had grown gray in the service of the state, and who, as already stated, was the representative of the junior branch of a very ancient family that had been enriched by the confiscation of the property of the monks in Barataria. But he declined to listen to my overtures: first, on the plea that he was too old; and second, that he would not be a party to the first promulgation of my project for the establishment of a High Court of Humanity, unless he were previously

well assured that at least three of the greatest powers of the world would bind themselves to accede to it. This was a difficult condition, and I was reluctantly compelled to do as well as I could without the aid of this cautious statesman.

There was one very clever person named Cagg, endowed with great powers of tongue, famous for vituperation, and for epigrammatic sallies, that stung, if they did not poison, wherever they hit, whom it was considered expedient to tame by putting him in harness. He had done his little best to render all government impossible in Barataria, but caught at the bait of office with a voracity which surprised me, and became the national purse-bearer, in lieu of Monkshood, whom I should have greatly preferred.

Another gentleman, a very eloquent, a very learned, a very estimable man, a native of Grampiana, whom I particularly wished to accept office, was Mr. Hooly, already mentioned; a member of the family of the Hoolys and Fairlys, and one of the six statesmen whom I had most wished to meet on my arrival in Barataria; but he did not see his way to joining Sir Pump Handell; he did not agree with him in the matter of

beer, and *I* knew, though he did not say so, that he was not satisfied with a subordinate position, and aspired to the first place. Nevertheless, we made him an offer, and I would have unfeignedly rejoiced if he had accepted it. Failing him, Sir Pump applied to Raddles, a lawyer, and a very energetic public speaker, who accepted the post of Minister of the War Department, of which I fondly hoped he would be the last occupant, as under the régime which I hoped to establish by aid of the High Court of Humanity, there would be no need of such an official in Barataria, or any other civilised country. One Magg, a ponderous country gentleman, a chairman of quarter sessions, staunch as Sir Pump Handell on the Gin and Beer question, and a very attentive man of business, was appointed Minister of the Home Department.

The negotiations for the filling up of these and many minor offices occupied several days, during all which time Juanita employed herself in such a way as to increase her popularity and my own. She visited schools and public institutions, sent cakes and apples to the children who were hale and hearty, and playthings to the children who

were recovering from sickness. She administered bountiful presents of food and luxuries to the patients in all the hospitals of Muddletown, subscribed liberally to every charitable institution that appealed to her for aid, gave concerts and balls, and held receptions, and won the good opinion of everybody. But *I* was less fortunate. Pamfoozle's resignation was generally regretted; Bamboozle's refusal to accept office was considered as exceedingly mysterious; and the name of Sir Pump Handell appeared to the people to be so ominous of some dark design to interfere with a Baratarian's right to get drunk if it so pleased him, as to excite great dissatisfaction. Bluff's name was more favourably received. He was known to be a great authority on all matters of trade, and the Baratarians, as a nation, understand trade a great deal better than they understand politics, theology, the fine arts, or poetry; and more even than this—though personally combative and aggressive, he was in favour of peace among the nations, and looked upon the profession of a soldier with disapproval, and as one that ought to be forthwith abolished. Everybody thought he would have made a good soldier him-

self, but such was not his own opinion; and his acceptance of the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs was held to be of good augury for the peace of the world, or rather of that portion of the world which Barataria could either disturb or influence. As the great council or parliament of the nation was not in session at the time when these changes were made, the new cabinet transacted its business very much on the old footing, allowing the machine of government to roll in its usual course, and busying itself chiefly, but quietly, with the preparation of those measures for the good of the country which, in my opinion, was to distinguish my governorship, and to make Barataria a model to the world. The newspapers by no means took kindly to the change, but they rather hinted dislike than very openly expressed it, for we took care to keep our own secrets until the proper time for divulging them.

The time came at last. The time always *does* come, when a payment has to be made or an act has to be performed. A proposal for the establishment of a 'High Court of Humanity' was announced by myself in a special message to the legislature, and supported with all the elo-

quence at their command by Bluff and Sir Pump Handell.

It was up-hill work at first. To use a vulgar Baratarian phrase, the people 'didn't see it.' It was all very fine—very admirable—very humane —very Christian; very everything that it ought to be, said the sneering and *pococurante* critics of the press and the legislature; but it was fitter for Utopia or Cloudland than for Barataria or Europe, or the actual earth on which men trod. 'No doubt,' said one orator, whose special business was to jeer and sneer at everything, 'it is very well for honest men to say that they will cease to bolt and bar their doors, and expose their gold, silver, and precious jewelry openly on their window-sills, in the hope that the thieves, touched by these marks of confidence, will steal no more; but how if the thieves positively decline to enter into the arrangement?'

'In my opinion,' said another, 'it will be as difficult to convert the nations of the world, or the rulers of the nations, to the principles of peace, as to convert robbers to the principles of honesty.' 'And in mine,' said a third, 'the proposal to abolish war is an absurdity. There must

always be a possibility of war, in order to restrain the evil passions of the covetous and the ambitious. Suppose the High Court of Humanity were established, consisting of, let me say, seven sovereign states and powers, and two of these were to quarrel on a point of honour, or of desired acquisition of territory, and insisted, contrary to the judgment of the Court, in fighting it out after the old fashion; would not the other five, in such a case, have to make war against the other two, and compel them to obedience by force of arms? In fact, peace is such a blessed thing, that it is not to be had without war, or the chance of it. Peace *à tout prix* means peace at the price of war. War cannot be abolished, and it is not desirable to abolish it as the final arbiter, when reason fails to assert its superiority over the minds of men and nations.'

Bluff answered the last and the previous speakers by an argumentative and philosophical oration, in which he pointed out that the object of the proposed High Court was not the abolition but the diminution of war. He did not expect that wars would wholly cease; but he *did* expect that they would become less frequent than of old,

and that such a High Court as his excellency proposed to establish, in conjunction with the leading powers of the world, would so discountenance the mere idea of war, as to reduce its possibility to a minimum. It needed some great power to take the initiative in making such a proposal to the rest; and no power was better fitted than Barataria, from her geographical position and noble history, to point out to other nations the path alike of duty, of civilisation, and of true Christianity. Even to make such a proposal and fail to carry it to completion, was an honour; and he never would regret, but, on the contrary, would be proud to the end of his life, of the part he had taken in submitting the project to the Parliament of Barataria. His excellency might (he said), in the exercise of his undoubted prerogative, have submitted the proposal to foreign powers by means of the Baratarian ambassadors at their courts, and solicited the opinions of the several emperors, kings, and other potentates on the expediency and necessity of such a holy alliance, for the purposes of peace and goodwill; but he preferred, and he (Bluff) thought wisely, to submit it, not on his own be-

half merely, but on that of the whole Parliament and people of Barataria. Though nothing might immediately come of it, though the ignorant and foolish might laugh it to scorn, the mere discussion of a project so vast and beneficent was a public advantage. No man living could say what ultimate good might not result from the authoritative presentation of the idea to the highest intelligence of an intellectual age. 'Cast thy bread upon the waters,' was said of old time, 'and thou shalt find it after many days.' And so of this great project. The bread might be thrown, apparently to waste, upon the great tide of opinion. But the many days would have their course, and the bread would be found again, multiplied and magnified a hundred and a thousand fold. Bluff therefore proposed that the Governor should be requested by the Parliament of Barataria to negotiate, through his accredited ambassadors at the courts of the great sovereigns of the world, a treaty of mutual disarmament, by which each power should bind itself to reduce its army to a maximum force of ten thousand men; the said army to be employed for police, and not for merely military purposes; and that of those

ten thousand men, one thousand should be annually sent to their homes and to the pursuits of profitable industry, until at the end of ten years, the world, accustomed to peace and to peaceful ways, would be enabled to dispense with armies altogether. He entered into very elaborate calculations to prove the enormous benefits that would accrue to society, if this arrangement were effected; and the millions upon millions of money, sufficient to pay off all the debts of all the states in the world, that would speedily accumulate if the destroyers, by which he meant the soldiers, were all turned into producers.

The Baratarian people seemed to be more amused than edified with the project and the discussions it produced, and the comic journals and the professional caricaturists began to turn me and my friends into good-natured ridicule. The Baratarians, however, are, and always were, a pugnacious race, and will fight their wives if they have no one else to fight with;—so Bluff said, and so I believe; because my own observation and study of the Baratarian character verified what he asserted. But I was not discouraged, for I knew my great idea would grow upon the

popular mind, and bear fruit in due season. But I could not help thinking that Sir Pump Handell thought more of his own particular idea than of mine, and that if he could only prevent the Baratarians from drinking wine, spirits, and beer, they might quarrel with one another, and with the whole world, on cold water as much as they pleased. Perhaps I did him wrong;—perhaps not;—but I know he was much more zealous and active in riding his own hobby than he was in riding mine, if hobby it could be called; the grand, the glorious, the noble, the Christian idea of transforming all the hungry wolves of the world into innocent lambs, and settling all national differences by fair words. Bluff, however, was with me, heart and soul, and all his mind and strength, so that I could forgive Sir Pump a little lukewarmness when I had so sturdy a supporter on whom I could depend at all hazards.

Sir Pump's great bill was introduced into Parliament in the fulness of time, and met with a sorry reception. In spite of all the efforts made to secure a favourable hearing for it, in spite of the eloquence of all the philosophers in the House, and in spite also of the fear of a dis-

solution (always a powerful influence with weak men in uncertain seats, who would vote black, white, or at the least an unmistakable gray, inclining to white as much as to black, rather than run the risk of facing their constituents before the time on which they had calculated) the Baratarian Parliament rejected the measure by the crushing majority of 447 against 26. Great and overwhelming was the influence of BEER. Strong was the spirit of the men of GIN, and of those who made, sold, or drank it.

What was to be done? My opinion was to acquiesce in the decision, take the rebuff quietly, wait for a better opportunity, and then begin again; not for the sake of the beer and gin, but of the High Court of Humanity. Sir Pump was more impatient. He came to me on the morning after his defeat, looking so angry, that I wondered if, as a cold-water drinker, he could be so hot, what he would have been had he drank brandy and seltzer, or even Château Margaux. His opinion was that the country was wiser than the Parliament, and was not only ripe for the High Court of Humanity, but for the legislative abolition of drunkenness. It was my duty, he

thought, to dismiss and dissolve the existing and ignorant Parliament, too much corrupted by public-house and tavern influences to care for the moral elevation of the people and the cause of Christian civilisation, and to summon another more in accordance with the advanced opinion of the best and wisest men (himself and me). The question was a serious one, and I resolved to take ample time to consider it in all its bearings and ramifications. Not that I cared greatly for the defeat of the liquor bill, for I inclined to think that a poor man had as much right to his beer as I had to my claret, provided he would not break the peace if he took too much of it; but my High Court of Humanity had become so inextricably mixed up with Sir Pump's measure, and the existence of Sir Pump Handell's administration, that I could not, in justice to my great cause, decide too carefully.

I consulted Juanita after I had consulted my own conscience; and still found myself at a loss how to act. Juanita was by no means undecided; but was firm in the expression of her opinion that nothing farther should be done with the liquor question, and that I should neither press its con-

sideration on the existing Parliament, nor dissolve it upon a question so evidently unpopular.

'But consider the High Court of Humanity!' said I.

'Bother the High Court of Humanity!' said she. 'It has been waiting to be established these two thousand years, or nearly, and is not established yet, or likely to be. Why should you go out of your way, because you can't establish it to-morrow, or next year, or ten years hence? Let it drop, if not from your thought, which I don't advise, because it would be useless, but from your present action, which I do advise with all my heart.'

A Baratarian bard, whom I have always admired alike for his tenderness, his wisdom, and his wit, says truly,

> 'it gars me greet,
> To think how monie counsels sweet,
> How many lengthen'd sage advices,
> The husband frae the wife despises.'

I did not remember these words at that time, but I remembered them afterwards, when it was too late to profit by them.

I promised Juanita I would do nothing rashly;

and sent for Bluff, to consult him privately, before calling all the members of the administration together, to decide upon our future action. Bluff, like myself, cared little about the liquor question, but a great deal about the war question; and counselled that I should not look upon the defeat of my ministry as sufficiently serious to justify me either in demanding their resignation, or appealing to the country. 'We must not,' he said, 'be judged by merely one of our measures, and that one of the least important; but by the whole scope and tendency of our policy at home and abroad. Let us inaugurate your grand project for the abolition of war; let us establish the High Court of Humanity, so that the nations may turn their swords into ploughshares, their spears into pruning-hooks, and manufacture no more filthy gunpowder, except for the blasting of rocks that impede the navigation of streams, or the construction of roads, or for displays of fireworks to celebrate the triumphs of peace; and all other reforms will be comparatively easy. When men are wise enough to abolish war, they will be wise enough to abolish drunkenness. If you are beaten on that question—the main question, the only

question worth struggling for—one of two things must be done, you must either dismiss us and take back Pamfoozle, or appeal to the judgment of the people of Barataria.'

This was exactly my opinion; and I never thought so highly of the sound sense and wise statesmanship of Bluff as I did at that moment. On the assembly of my ministers at a cabinet council, Bluff's idea and mine was supported by every member of the government except Sir Pump, whose enthusiasm in the cause of cold water against beer and gin was so great, that he was willing to dissolve the parliament on this ground alone. But he was over-ruled at last, and consoled himself with the hope, that what was deferred was not of necessity abandoned; and that if we carried our project for the establishment of the High Court of Humanity, we could afterwards, as he said, 'trade on the credit of that achievement,' and reintroduce the liquor bill under more favourable auspices.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HIGH COURT OF HUMANITY. DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT, AND GREAT PUBLIC EXCITEMENT.

THE High Court of Humanity fared better than the liquor bill. But it did not fare well enough to be successful. It had everybody's good opinion; but nobody's hearty support. The newspapers damaged the project by faint praise, and thought it might perhaps be successful a thousand years hence, provided Barataria were then in existence as a great power in Europe. Officers in the army and navy thought it might be established in the day when the rivers ran with champagne, when wolves and lions ate nothing but grass and drank claret-cups, and when the big fishes in the sea renounced their murderous habit of devouring the little ones. The Baratarian public neither thought nor said much upon the subject, except once, when Bluff was

entertained at a public dinner in the great city of Bombax, which he represented in Parliament. On that occasion he made one of the most eloquent speeches which even he, a master of eloquence, had ever delivered. Peace *à tout prix* was his *cheval de bataille;* and he was so truly warlike in his peaceful sentiments, that he demolished all adverse arguments with the easy dash of a victorious general, scattering an army but half the size of his own—routing it, as it were, horse, foot, and artillery. 'Do not think,' he said, 'that we propose to ourselves the abolition of war. We are not so sanguine; we are not so quixotic. What we propose is to diminish it; to reduce it to the lowest possible momentum as a force in the government of nations, and to make public war—or a war unsanctioned by the High Court of Humanity—as great a crime as private war waged between two or more citizens, who endeavour to settle their differences by an appeal to battle, when the courts of law and justice are open to them.'

Sir Pump, in his way, rendered all the service in his power, but was not so earnest or so effective as Bluff. He had to ride his own

hobby, and to slay the brewers, the distillers, the wine-merchants, the publicans, the drinkers and the drunkards, and could not ride my hobby with as much zest and fearlessness as he rode his.

The project was introduced to Parliament by Bluff, in a bill authorising the government of Barataria to send special envoys to all the great sovereigns and powers of the world, to negotiate treaties of alliance, and mutual disarmament both by land and sea. Monkshood—the wary, the cautious, the venerable, and, I may add, the obstinate—moved an amendment to the effect that no such negotiation should be publicly proposed to any power or state or sovereign until it was positively known that at least three of such powers, states, or sovereigns were prepared to accede to the propositions of the Baratarian government. It was clear, if this amendment were to be adopted, that the whole project, on which Bluff and I had set our hearts, would be adjourned *sine die*, and that the Pump-Handell administration would suffer a signal defeat. The debates were long and animated, and extended over a whole week. The result was that Monkshood's amendment was carried

by 378 against 142, or nearly three to one. There was much rejoicing in the country; not because my great project was defeated—for in itself few people had much to say against it—but because it was a blow to the Pump-Handell administration, and would possibly lead to its ejection from office, and the abandonment of Sir Pump's obnoxious scheme of interference with the beloved Beer and Gin of the Baratarians.

What was to be done? I must own that my blood was up. The defeat of Sir Pump on the liquor question did not affect me very seriously. His defeat on the question of the High Court of Humanity was a very different business. I did not care for Sir Pump or his cold water. I cared exceedingly for my darling project. Sir Pump did not resign his office, but counselled the dissolution of a recalcitrant Parliament that lagged so far behind the spirit of the age. Juanita recommended submission, and said there was nothing like *reculer pour mieux sauter*. But I had submitted once, and felt disposed to submit no longer, at least not without a trial of strength in a Parliament elected under my own

auspices. Finally, it was resolved to appeal to the country, and a proclamation was issued dissolving the Parliament.

Little did I know what I had done. Little did I suspect the storm I had let loose, to break over my devoted head. Little did I think how greatly I had mistaken the temper of the Baratarians—how much they prized their beer, and of what very small account peace or war, and the progress of civilisation and Christianity, was to them, compared with their double and treble X, and their favourite Old Tom. Let me be excused for making use of this barbarous gibberish. The Baratarians understand it.

On the day when the dissolution of Parliament was proclaimed and published, ominous crowds began to gather in the squares, parks, and other open spaces, and furious orators began to address the excitable mob. The liberties of Barataria were declared to be in danger. The people were urged to rise in 'their majesty and might' —in their thousands—in their tens of thousands —in their hundreds of thousands—nay in their millions—in defence of the great and indefeasible right of the Baratarians and their wives to drink

when they liked, as much as they liked, and what they liked, in defiance of such tyrants as Sir Pump Handell and his Excellency the Governor.

'His Excellency forsooth!' said Bodgers—the same Bodgers who formed part of the deputation of working men whom I had previously received, and to whom I had spoken my mind pretty freely—'I see no excellency in him, but very much the reverse. By what right and on what principle did the Grand Llama of Pumpernickel send such an ass to rule over us, and set our laws and customs at defiance. Down with Grimbosh! down with Pump Handell! down with Bluff! down with the whole squad of them!'

Nor was Bodgers the only orator of the occasion. Todgers the tailor overflowed with wrath. Looney and Mooney were bursting, so they said, with indignation at the abominable attempt of the bloated aristocracy to 'rob a poor man of his beer.' They said nothing about the greater question of the High Court of Humanity. *That* was beyond their comprehension! Bussell and Tussell were rampant on the right of the poor to

get drunk; not that they *did* get drunk very often—that was left to the upper classes. 'Had not everybody heard the saying,' asked Bussell triumphantly, '"As drunk as a *lord*"? Nobody ever said, as drunk as a tailor, or a shoemaker.'

This argument and illustration were received with loud cheers, followed by groans for Sir Pump Handell.

The greatest meeting of all was held under the auspices of Bounce the engineer, and was reported by the newspapers to have numbered at least twenty thousand persons. They had banners and bands of music, and hoisted the flag, not of Barataria, but of the great republic of Atlantis. Magg, the Minister of the Interior, more apprehensive of mischief from this than from the other meetings, stationed large bodies of police in the immediate vicinity; and, under the advice of Raddles of the War Department, called out a couple of regiments of the line, and posted them conveniently, though out of sight of the mob, to be ready in case of emergency. When I heard of this, I remonstrated earnestly with Sir Pump Handell and Raddles on the impolicy of such a proceeding—on the ab-

surdity of it, in fact, when I considered that I, above all things, a man of peace and an enemy of war—that I, even I, was actually taking measures to make war against my own people!

'I don't see things in that light,' said Sir Pump. 'Our own people are threatening to make war upon us. We are only defending ourselves. An unprovoked and offensive war is abominable and wicked. A defensive war may be virtuous and noble to the very highest degree, and whether virtuous or not is, in the present case, absolutely necessary.'

Happily there was no need for the services either of the police or the military. Bounce seeing so many constables in the assemblage, addressed himself particularly to their feelings and prejudices in the matter of beer. 'It is no treason,' he said, 'nor is it provocative of a breach of the peace, to say that the Pump-Handell administration is a humbug and a sham; that Cagg and Magg misunderstand the temper of the people of Barataria; and that Baratarians, whether working men, or thinking men, or policemen, or soldiers, have a right to their beer, if they can afford to pay for it. The

High Court of Humanity is a mere farce. We are not going to be taken in and bamboozled by *that*. Let them carry it, and welcome. For my part I wish they would. If there is no good in it, I can't see that there's any harm. But Beer's another business. Beer—as somebody said—comes home to our hearts and our fire-sides. It is not a man's question only; it is a woman's. Don't our missuses—we who have got missuses—want their beer as well as we do? And, bless their hearts, they shall have it too, as long as we can earn the money to buy it for them! And if we can't keep hogsheads of it in our cellars—because, in the first place, we have no cellars as the bloated aristocracy have; and because, in the second, we have no money to buy more than a pint or a quart at a time from our friend the publican—shall we be deprived of it altogether, to please a set of pretended philosophers and humbugs, who, because we are poor, think that they can treat us as if we were babes in the nursery, who do not know what is good for us? I say—farewell to the liberties of Barataria, if such things are to be! We are unworthy of our fathers and grand-

fathers, and only fit to be annexed to, or held in bondage by, the republic of Atlantis—or the king of the Cannibal Islands, for that matter —if we do not insist—yes, I say, insist—that the Governor shall dismiss the Pump-Handell and Cagg-Magg administration, and take to his councils men who will yield obedience to the will of Parliament; and leave the poor man's beer and the poor man's gin or brandy to the poor man's own decision whether he will drink them or leave them alone. Let him call Pamfoozle to his councils if he will. I think Pamfoozle an old humbug; but at all events he is not mad with crotchets, like Sir Pump Handell. He made a very respectable minister when he was in office, and showed true Baratarian pluck. Or if he won't accept, there's Bamboozle: a fine old Baratarian gentleman, who stands no nonsense. There's little to choose between them; one's as good or as bad as the other; but bad or good, or only middling, either the one or the other is ten thousand times better than the Pump Handells and the Caggs and the Maggs, and all such tyrannical idiots, as are not content to do as they like in the

way of drinking, and swilling hot or cold water, unless they can compel everybody else, even at the bayonet's point, to do as they do. I move that a deputation of this meeting—the whole of us here present, and as many more as we can get to join us—fifty thousand strong, or a hundred thousand, if possible—march in procession to-morrow afternoon to the Governor's palace, and call upon him to dismiss his ministry.'

This resolution was carried amid a storm of cheers and applause, and clapping of hands, followed by a grand performance of the 'Marseillaise,' 'Ça ira,' and 'Yankee Doodle.' There were fears of a popular outbreak that night; but all the meetings finally dispersed without much disturbance, except the smashing of a few windows in the principal streets, which, I was afterwards informed by Bluff, was not so much the work of the mob, as of the journeymen glaziers, employed by their masters for the good of the glazing trade,—a proceeding common in Barataria on every occasion when the public discontent is great enough to cause mobs to assemble.

The night was an anxious one to me, as well as to every member of the administration; and I need scarcely say to Juanita. The members all gathered in my private sanctum, without summons or invitation, and informally. I like to smoke my pipe in a difficulty, and so did more than one half of the ministry, when they came instinctively, as it were, to take counsel one of the other. Coffee was served for Sir Pump and Bluff; and brandy and seltzer for me, as well as for Cagg, Magg, and Raddles, who were temperance men, and only wanted to deprive the poor of their drink, because they believed that the poor were naturally intemperate, and could not be trusted with a half-pint without clamouring for a kilderkin. Bluff, who neither smoked nor drank coffee, or aught but the pure cold element, spoke calmly—as a man temperate in body and mind ought to speak—and was of opinion that it was reprehensible to yield to mob dictation. He was willing, however, to resign, if I thought he could by that means remove any difficulty from my path, or that of his colleagues. Sir Pump, who was really the only thoroughly ob-

noxious man in the government, and whose resignation I should have gratefully accepted, had he determined to offer it, was strongly opposed to surrender or the slightest display of weakness. He thought the clamour of the mob was only *brutum fulmen;* and that whatever dissatisfaction might exist would exhaust itself in speechification and the passing of harmless resolutions, after the old Baratarian fashion. We had but to wait three days, he said, and the storm would blow over.

In the midst of our deliberations, a telegram (which ought to be called an electrogram), which had just arrived from the city of Bombax, was brought in by the O'Sullivan Boru. It stated that a great meeting had been held in that city, calling for the immediate dismissal of Sir Pump Handell and all the other ministers except Bluff, who was alone worthy of the public confidence, and fit to be intrusted with the formation of another ministry. If it had not been for the dictation, this was a course that would have been highly agreeable to myself, inasmuch as it would have saved my High Court of Humanity

as a question to be debated, and have got rid of the beer business, of which in my heart of hearts I thought we had had enough. A few minutes afterwards there came another electrogram from Lacquertown, the great centre of the metallic industry of Barataria, informing us that the town was in a great state of fermentation, and that the people threatened to march upon Muddletown, to insist upon the dismissal of the whole administration. Lacquertown was noted, among other things, for its gun manufacture, and looked with as much disfavour upon peace as other parts of the country looked upon enforced temperance. For fully an hour and a half a succession of electrograms continued to arrive from all parts of the country — even from that northern half of it called Grampiana—all to the effect that the people were incensed against Sir Pump Handell, considered the dissolution of Parliament uncalled for, and demanded his dismissal. We came to no decision that evening, but resolved to wait at least until the next day, before we yielded to what Sir Pump called the dictation of 'inebriated and beer-guzzling mobs.'

The next day, circumstances looked still more threatening. Bounce's meeting was held, and was attended by thousands of people. After many speeches—all of the most violent kind—had been made, the band struck up the 'Marseillaise,' to the great enjoyment of the crowd. A loud voice suddenly called out, 'To Sir Pump Handell's house!' A thunderous burst of cheers hailed the suggestion. The crowd marshalled itself—or was somehow or other marshalled by its appointed leaders—into marching order, gathering continual accretions as it moved along. When it arrived opposite Sir Pump's house the windows were smashed in an instant; next, the door was forced open, the furniture thrown out of the windows, and the building committed to the flames. Sir Pump had received early notification of what was intended, and managed somehow or other to escape. The mob, however, got up an effigy of the obnoxious minister with marvellous rapidity, erected a rude gallows in front of his blazing door, and there hung it with frantic shouts and yells, and insane dance and gesticulation.

The cry was next raised, 'To Bluff's, to

Bluff's!' and thitherwards the mob proceeded, roaring like a storm when it sweeps over the tops of the tall trees of the forest. Unluckily they caught sight of the troops that the War Minister and the Home Secretary, acting in concert with each other, had stationed on the great square to prevent the approach of the mob to my palace, and to Bluff's house, which was directly opposite. The sight was a signal for a wild burst of rage on the part of the people, who gathered stones and pelted the military with a perfect hurricane of these missiles. One soldier was wounded in the face, which was speedily encrimsoned with his blood; and the officer, a young lieutenant, was stunned with a fatal blow on the head, and fell reeling from his horse. Immediately—whether with or without orders I have never been able to ascertain—the military fired into the crowd, and upwards of twenty people were slain or dangerously wounded—some of them being women.

While these unhappy events were in progress, another large multitude had broken into the great prison of Muddletown and set all the

prisoners free; while yet another had proceeded to a large distillery, knocked in the bungs of the great hogsheads of gin, and made themselves drunker than beasts (forgive me, O ye kind-hearted and sensible beasts, for this unjust libel upon you!), and so prepared themselves for any possible amount of mischief that men can do when they transform themselves into demons. My dear Juanita and my seven children were with me, as was my faithful friend Bluff, my private secretary the O'Sullivan Boru, and Toole, my excellent butler and factotum, when news of these untoward events came pouring in upon us. Bluff was decided to resign—in order, if possible, to avert bloodshed and pacify the people—and counselled me strongly to announce the resignation of the whole ministry. But how to announce it? That was a difficult question; but Bluff resolved it. He was a brave man and a good man; and he made up his mind on the instant. The mob were already in front of his house and busily demolishing the windows, when a loud voice—heard above all the din—was heard to exclaim, 'Spare old Bluff! He is a man of the

people—he never meddled with our beer. Go to the Governor's!' The mob, easily led, turned as if by one accord to the palace.

'I will speak to the people,' said Bluff. 'They will hear reason.'

'Do not trust them,' said Juanita imploringly, and clinging to my arm, while the youngest children began to cry piteously in their terror of they knew not what.

Bluff stepped out into the balcony, bareheaded, and held up his hand, in oratorical fashion, to bespeak silence from the mob, that was rolling and surging below like the billows of the sea. But the silence was not to be commanded, and, like the spirits from the vasty deep, so easy to call for, was not so easy to produce.

'I will go too,' I said to Juanita.

'You shall not,' she replied passionately—almost hysterically. 'Some ruffian in the crowd will aim at your heart! You shall not go!'

The children clung to my knees.

'O, do not go, papa!' said the youngest but one—a little fair-haired angel, the delight of my life. 'The bad men will kill you!'

'Come, all of you,' said I; 'they will not hurt women and children. I know the Baratarians will not and cannot injure you, and I don't think they will injure me. Come!'

While I spoke, Juanita had fainted at my feet. I lifted her dear head on my knee, and sprinkled her face with cold water and eau-de-cologne, which Toole handed to me from the sideboard. The O'Sullivan Boru had lifted up the window, and I heard, in spite of myself, even though I was so intensely occupied with the care of my beloved, the voice of Bluff, clear and sonorous, announcing to the multitude that the whole ministry had resigned.

'Too late!' said a voice, even louder than Bluff's; and the multitude gave utterance to one tremendous and, as it seemed to me, unanimous roar of acquiescence and exultation.

'The Governor! the Governor! Grimbosh! Grimbosh!' I heard the cries repeated by ten thousand throats. I left my dear Juanita in the charge of our eldest daughter and Toole; and taking my two youngest children one by each hand, and motioning to the rest to follow, I stepped to the balcony. There was a storm of

hisses, mingled with cheers, the cheers, I think, preponderating.

'I also have made up my mind,' I said to Bluff; 'I will abdicate.'

'It may save your life, if you do, and the lives of your wife and children,' he replied in a whisper.

'Friends and Baratarians,' I cried, 'I have endeavoured to do my duty. If I am not acceptable to the people, I will abdicate.'

'Abdicate! abdicate!' cried ten thousand voices.

I ABDICATED.

Bounce and a whole host of his followers broke into the palace; and I, my wife and children, and the faithful Toole, withdrew by the back door, called three cabs, and drove to the railway station, where we took places for Packet Town.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT HOME IN PUMPERNICKEL. THE REWARD OF MERIT.

I WAS glad to shake the dust of Barataria from my feet; glad to feel the fresh breezes of the sea upon my cheek; and glad exceedingly, as I drew near my home and birthplace, to catch sight of the domes, towers, and spires of my beloved Pumpernickel. I was also possessed with an abounding sense of relief from heavy responsibility—to know that I was no longer called upon to strive and struggle to regenerate the Baratarian people, and drive them into the groove of a newer and higher civilisation than they had ever before known. There were, however, some drawbacks to my satisfaction; for I anticipated that I might receive but a cold reception at the hands of the Grand Llama, and possibly be disgraced and degraded for that unpardonable offence in politics, the commission of a failure. But I was not a

Doctor of Philosophy for nothing; and strove to fortify myself with the reflection that I had been honestly desirous to do my duty under difficult circumstances, and that it was not my fault if the people whom I had sought to benefit were ignorant and ungrateful. I had thrown my pearls before a swinish multitude, when I ought to have presented them with the customary draff and swill, which they preferred. But I was not so wholly convinced of my rectitude as I should have liked to be. Had I not done evil that good might come? Had I not paltered with the Beer and Liquor question, about which I really cared very little, if I cared at all, for the sake of winning help and support for the High Court of Humanity—my own particular hobby, which I loved above all other questions in the world? What right had I, who liked good wine—and drank it too, whenever I pleased—to attempt a tyrannical interference with the poor man's beer? And was I not rightly served for paltering with my convictions?

These thoughts were not wholly agreeable; but my mind was diverted from dwelling too much upon them by the telegraphic news from

Barataria, which met me at every town and city through which I passed on the way to Pumpernickel. Long before I reached that ancient and illustrious city of my fathers, I learned from the newspapers and telegrams collected for me by my faithful Toole that the Muddletown mob, under the leadership of Bounce, had proclaimed the Social Republic; that Bounce had been voted, by acclamation of the multitude, to the office of Provisional President; and that Looney and Mooney, Bodgers and Todgers, Bussell and Tussell, and one Lord Noodle, of whom I had never before heard, had severally seized or accepted a share in the government, and were appointed Ministers of War, Education, Foreign Affairs, Police, the Post-office, and Work. In a proclamation issued an hour after my abdication, signed by Bounce, and countersigned by Lord Noodle, it was decreed that the function and name of Parliament should be abolished, and a Congress elected in its stead. It was also decreed that all distinction of rank and title should cease, except that of 'citizen,' and for persons in authority 'honourable citizen;' that all male citizens above the age of twenty, and all female

citizens above the age of forty, should possess the suffrage; that Congress should be elected annually; that every citizen or citizeness requiring work should be provided by the State, in default of any other employer, with eight hours' work every day, except Sunday, and should receive for the same the sum of eight shillings; that rose-water baths, free to the working classes, and to them only, should be opened in every parish; and that an income- and property-tax of ten shillings in the pound should be levied on all persons possessed of more than three hundred pounds per annum. The proclamation farther set forth that the great republic of Barataria, on one side of the ocean, desired the friendship of the great republic of Atlantis on the other, and was willing to enter into an alliance offensive and defensive with that power against all the other powers of the world. These were the main points in the 'Constitution' of Bounce and his associates. In the mean while the mobs, which amounted by this time to many thousands of persons in all parts of Muddletown, had broken into the gunsmiths' shops, plundered the great Tower of Julius and other armouries, and pos-

sessed themselves of several pieces of artillery. One section, about five thousand strong, assembled in front of the Bank of Barataria—a building always strongly guarded, and capable of a stout defence—with the loudly-declared intention of plundering it. A young captain in command of a regiment was for firing right into the crowd; but the governor of the Bank, a shrewd native of Grampiana, recommended, as a first effort at dispersion, to discharge upon the mob, not bullets, but copious streams of cold water from the fire-engines with which the interior courts of the edifice were abundantly supplied. The mob was drunk—not frantically drunk, but stupidly drunk, as is the custom of the Baratarians—and consisted of one half of women, who were more violent than the men. The governor's advice was taken; the hose, fully charged in fifty different hands, poured forth streams sufficient to quench a conflagration in a very short time. The women screamed and ran away; the men, some laughing, some cursing, followed the example; and the Bank was saved for a time without bloodshed. Unluckily, however, the half-drunk or partially sober men, ashamed of their panic, returned to the charge,

and only retreated after a score of them had been shot dead or dangerously wounded, when the survivors took to their heels.

A temporary panic had seized upon the respectable classes; but after this incident it was not of long duration. Pamfoozle and Bamboozle, Benoni and Monkshood, Hooly, and even my ex-minister Bluff, sank all differences of political opinion, and signed a counter proclamation to that of Bounce, which declared that the Parliament had not ceased to exist, that my dissolution of it was null and void in consequence of my abdication and flight, and invited the members to assemble immediately in their own Chamber. The summons was obeyed, and in a midnight sitting, guarded by the faithful troops, the Parliament, by unanimous vote, appointed Pamfoozle Provisional Governor, and called upon all the civil and military authorities to support his authority. The Commander-in-chief, who was of the blood royal of the Grand Llama, hastily collected his scattered regiments, horse, foot, and artillery, and announced his determination, not alone to protect the deliberations of Parliament, but to restore order in Muddletown,

and punish with the utmost rigour all persons who should be found with arms in their hands in organised resistance to lawful authority. Pamfoozle, in another proclamation, called upon the householders of Muddletown to enrol themselves as special constables, to protect the lives and property of the peaceful citizens. Though houses and public buildings were blazing at all points of the compass, the middle and upper classes recovered from their fright. Every shopkeeper became a soldier or a policeman. The rioters, more than one half of whom were stupidly drunk, after their invasion of the distilleries and public-houses, lay about by hundreds in the gutters, and their leaders lost courage. A reward of a thousand pounds was offered for the capture of Bounce, and the same sum for each of his associates in the so-called government of the Social Republic. Martial law was proclaimed throughout Muddletown. It was not necessary to be equally rigorous elsewhere; for the other cities and towns of Barataria, however much the 'roughs,' that abound in all great centres of population, might have been inclined for disturbance and plunder, were kept within the

bounds of the law by the action of the shopkeeping and trading classes. The Baratarian 'rough' is the roughest specimen of the class to be found among any nation or people; and the Baratarian trader and shopkeeper is the most timid of men until his till or his money-box is threatened, and then his courage and pugnacity are not to be equalled in any part of the world. Bounce was captured on the information of a woman whom he had grossly deceived and cruelly ill-used, and who refused to take any portion of what she called 'the blood money,' or price of his head. He declined to defend himself before the court-martial, and only asked as a favour from his judges, that they would not hang but shoot him. His request was granted. Lord Noodle was captured, in the disguise of a servant-girl, on board a steamer just about to start for Atlantis. Pamfoozle, with the concurrence of the Commander-in-chief, telegraphed back to his captors to ship his lordship on board again, wish him a pleasant passage, and threaten him with the extreme penalty of the law if he ever again set foot in Barataria. The other 'Ministers of the Republic,' Mooney and Looney,

and the rest, were captured and consigned to prison to await their trial. Pamfoozle was a merciful man, averse from bloodshed, and regretted the summary execution of Bounce, who, he thought, might have been turned to better account if he had been permitted to live. He therefore resolved that punishment less severe and summary should be meted out to the rest of these misguided men. 'If it were not too cruel,' Bamboozle is reported to have said, 'I would like to see those fellows drowned in their own beloved rose-water, and sent out of the world in all the odour of cleanliness, if not of sanctity.' But Pamfoozle, though he liked the joke, knew the Baratarians better, and said that in six months Mooney and Looney, and the whole 'lot' of them, would be forgotten, and he would not do them the favour of investing their names or memory with any romance or interest whatever. 'By the end of that time,' added he, 'we can make a present of them to the great republic of Atlantis, and wish it joy of the bargain.'

I narrate but briefly these and other events that followed my departure from Barataria. They may all be read by those who will, in the history

of the time, and for me no longer possess an absorbing interest. Pamfoozle received the thanks of the Grand Llama for his loyalty and devotion, and was named Governor of Barataria for life. As for me, his sublime highness seemed to forget the fact that I once enjoyed his favour, and even to ignore my existence. That I escaped disgrace was considered by some of my friends as of itself a proof that I was a great personage in the Grand Llama's estimation, and to foreshadow that at some future time I might once again be intrusted with high office. But though ambitious, I was not impatient. After all, what signifies office? And how small is the part played by mere statesmanship in the affairs of the world! Politics at best, as Pamfoozle always said, is but the art of standing still till you are driven onwards; or of creeping onwards till you are compelled, most likely in an unpleasant manner, to stop short or retrace your steps. The philosopher is greater than the statesman, and renders statesmanship easy; and was not I a philosopher, and not only a philosopher but a Doctor of Philosophy, author of that great, though unappreciated work, the *Philosophical History of Hunger*, in

twenty volumes, and quite capable, and indeed desirous, of writing another, as voluminous, as learned, as profound, and as useful to mankind, for which I had for years been collecting the materials? And what signified the Grand Llama's favour if he chose to withhold it? I had a sufficient income for all the needs of myself, my dear Juanita, and my family, with a surplus to buy rare volumes and books of reference to increase my library, and to entertain my friends whenever I invited them, or whenever they chose to come and see me. I had moreover a pleasant garden, and a grove of beech-trees, in which I loved to stroll and to think, when I was not engaged in garden work. And, above all, I grew, and still grow, drumhead cabbages of a very choice variety, sound to the core, and weighing four-and-twenty pounds on the average. Sometimes I show these titanic dainties to my friends, when they begin to deplore my absence from public life, and tell them that I am of the same mind as the Emperor Diocletian, who considered the cultivation of cabbages in his garden at Solona to be better worth his time and mind than the nuisance of government or the

occupancy of the throne of Cæsar. My drumhead cabbages yield me greater pleasure in the cultivation than statesmanship did at an earlier period of my life, especially when I was in Barataria.

POSTSCRIPT.

I had written thus far in this veracious history when one of my dearest friends—an old school-fellow, whom, in my youth, I used to thrash and protect, and with whom I used to share my pocket-money — the great Doctor Leander Whackenfeldt, Professor of Metaphysics at the University of Pumpernickel, called upon me, as he often did, to reproach me for my sudden indifference to public life, which he was pleased to consider as assumed and not real. I combated his arguments as well as I was able; vaunted my happiness in the family circle; the ease of my pecuniary circumstances; my love of music and books; my pleasure in my garden; the un-

satisfactory nature of all public employ; and the ingratitude alike of sovereigns and of mobs, as all-sufficient reasons why I should make myself happy, and look upon my political career as wholly closed.

'No — no!' said Whackenfeldt. 'Nothing would please you so much as that the Grand Llama should send for you, condone your failure in Barataria as a thing in itself of little or no consequence, and make you Prime Minister of Pumpernickel. Now confess!'

'Never,' I replied. 'Besides, the Grand Llama will do no such thing; and if he proposed it, I should refuse absolutely.'

'Like a coy girl, when asked to marry, you would say no, but mean yes. I know you better than you know yourself.'

Three days after this, the Grand Llama *did* send for me. I was in a flutter of excitement, and perhaps of terror, for I did not know whether my decapitation or my advancement was in the mind of his Highness. Juanita was alarmed. Not so Dr. Whackenfeldt. 'His Sublimity would not send for you, if he wanted to do you an evil turn. He could do that with-

out seeing or talking to you.' This was a reasonable argument, and tended greatly to raise Juanita's spirits, when the Doctor repeated and insisted upon it. All doubts on the matter were speedily dispelled that same afternoon, by the arrival of a special messenger, dispatched from the office of the Lord Gold-stick and Diamond-headed Cane, bearing a large card with a large seal, commanding my attendance to a full-dress dinner with my sovereign. I noticed that a faint smile passed over the countenance of Dr. Whackenfeldt, who had remained to dine with us that day, to taste some of my fine old Romanée Conti, when I showed him the card. 'Yes,' said he, '*I* know why his Sublime Highness has sent for you. He has heard tell that nobody in all his dominions can mix a salad so admirably as you can, and that in fact your salads are perfection—difficult to be equalled, impossible to be excelled.'

'And who,' said I, in the words of an old Baratarian ballad

'has done this deed,
And told the king of me?'

For the truth is, though I have not yet men-

tioned it in the course of this narrative, I *can* make a salad better than any man I ever met with; and consider the preparation of a true salad to be as much a work of high art as the modelling of a statue, or the composition of a piece of music; and far more useful than the writing of a novel, especially if the novelist be a woman. I do not think I blushed to find myself famous, though I was certainly surprised to think that my sovereign should have heard of me in this capacity. And then Dr. Whackenfeldt might be wrongly informed, and have allowed his suspicions to pass muster for certainties? All this I said to him.

It turned out, however, that my old schoolfellow was right. My sovereign honoured me with a dinner *tête-à-tête*—us two alone; and as his Sublimity is now no more, I may repeat as of historical interest the things which passed between us at that memorable repast.

'Grimbosh!' said his Sublimity with the utmost kindness and condescension of manner, and with that fascinating smile which is peculiar to emperors and empresses, kings and queens, popes and grand llamas, and all who have any-

thing to give away, 'I don't think much of you as a statesman and politician.'

I endeavoured to look my acquiescence in this gracious opinion.

'In fact I don't think anything of you at all. You do not possess the art of government. You do not know how to let well alone.'

I did not presume to contradict, but bowed my head humbly, in token of my submission.

'And, Grimbosh, you nearly lost me Barataria. Not that *that* would have mattered much. The Baratarians are a troublesome people, tax themselves in their own way, and contribute not a dump to my exchequer, while *I* have to pay the salary of their Governor. Still, it is well that you did not lose me Barataria — well for you, Grimbosh; for I would certainly have had you shot, hung, or decapitated, if you had done so.'

Again I bowed, and concealed as well as I could the anguish I felt; and his Sublimity, with another smile as fascinating as the first, continued:

'But let bygones be bygones. We will talk no more on a subject which, I see, is distasteful

to you. I know you have written an excellent book—in twenty volumes, is it not? Well, I never read it—only the first. I found it very dry. I don't say it was bad, Grimbosh; but it was dry—very dry. Very tedious. Very prolix.'

I felt the blood suffusing my face with mingled shame and anger; but as I could not be angry with my sovereign, I endeavoured to look pleased and indifferent, with, I am afraid, but scanty success.

He noticed the perplexity I was in, and seemed to enjoy it for an instant—but only for an instant; and, with a real kindness which I had not before observed in him, said,

'Never mind, Grimbosh. Critics nowadays are always better pleased to discover faults than beauties in an author; and I am but a poor judge of anything, however good, that does not amuse me; and your book did not amuse me. Nevertheless I am told that it is a highly valuable contribution to history, and will reflect honour on your name to distant ages. Whackenfeldt says so; and *he* knows. In fact, Whackenfeldt knows more than I should like to know; for if I knew as much as he does, I fear my

head would crack with too much learning. Now, if you please, Grimbosh, I want you to make me a salad.'

'I hope my salad may please your Sublimity better than my statesmanship or authorship.'

'Well,' said his Sublimity with a short laugh, and a sparkle in his eyes which I had seldom seen there, 'it can't be worse. I have, however, great hopes of the salad.'

'A salad, your Sublimity,' said I, with more confidence than I had yet displayed, 'must be pungent and not pungent; sour and not sour; sweet and not sweet; oily but not oily; salt but not salt. It must possess every good quality, but no one good quality in excess of any other.'

'I see you understand it,' said his Sublimity. 'I want not only to eat your salad, but to take a lesson from you in the great art—or is it a science?—of compounding it. And mind you, Grimbosh, you are not to give a lesson to any one else—not even to Whackenfeldt!'

I promised compliance, called for all the necessary ingredients, and compounded them with the greatest scrupulosity and delicacy under his Sublimity's eyes. I shall not publish

the recipe in this place, but shall leave it as a legacy to posterity, when I die. His Sublimity—a true judge of cookery, though he knew nothing of literature—was delighted; pronounced the salad to be perfect; and after the conclusion of the dinner declared his gracious intention of rewarding me for the pleasure I had given him and the instruction I had afforded, by creating me Duke de Grimbosh!

'Gracious heaven!' I thought to myself, 'this is the gratitude of great potentates—this is the wisdom of men who, by the inscrutable decrees of fate and fortune, are placed at the head of mighty nations! Nothing for my statesmanship and philosophy! Contempt for my genius! and the utmost possible honour for preparing a dish of herbs, to please his Sublimity's palate!'

I could not refuse the title without giving offence, which might have been dangerous. Nevertheless, I could not find it in my heart for many weeks to tell Juanita the whole truth about the matter. I was weak enough to let her think that it was entirely my literary reputation and public services which had procured

me this signal mark of royal favour. When I at last confided the truth to her, she expressed her opinion that my title was at all events as good as her own,—and that if I were a Duke and she a Duchess, we were and always would be Herman and Juanita to each other.

I thought at the time that if either the Grand Llama or I was deficient in sense and dignity in this business, it was not the Duke de Grimbosh. From that day to this—and it is a long time ago now—I have never seen reason to change my opinion.

THE END

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